NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Corresponding Editor.

VOLUME VIII.---NO. 45. | NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1848. | WHOLE NUMBER 409.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

Selections.

From the National Intelligencer.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH ON THE WAR WITH MEXICO.—In Senate, March 23, 1848.

The Senate having under consideration the bill from the House of Representatives to authorize a loan not to exceed the sum of sixteen millions of dollars, Mr. Webster addressed the Senate on the subject of the Mexican war in a speech of considerable length, of which we find the following account in the Senate's official report:

Mr. Webster said: Mr. President, on Friday a bill passed the Senate, for the raising of ten regiments of new troops, for the further prosecution of the war against Mexico, and we have been informed that the measure is shortly to be followed, in this branch of the Legislature, by a bill to raise twenty regiments of volunteers for the same service. I was desirous, Sir, on Friday, to express my opinion against the object of those bills—against the supposed necessity which leads to their enactment, and against the general policy which they are apparently designed to promote. Circumstances, personal to myself, but beyond my control, compelled me to forego on that day the execution of this design.—The bill now before the Senate is a measure for raising money to meet the expenses of the Government and to provide the means as well for other things as for the pay and support of these thirty regiments.

Sir, the scenes through which we have passed and are passing here are various. For a fortnight the world supposes us to have been occupied with the ratification of a treaty of peace, and that within these walls—

"The world shut out"—

notes of peace, hopes of peace, nay, strong assurances of peace, and immediate peace, have been uttered to console us, and to cheer us. It has been over and over again stated that we have ratified a treaty—of course a treaty of peace; and, as the country has been led to suppose, not of uncertain, and empty, and delusive peace, but real, gratifying, and enduring peace; a peace that shall staunch the wounds of war, prevent the further effusion of blood, cut off these enormous expenses, and return our friends, and our brothers, and our children, (if they be yet living!) from a land of slaughter, and a land of still more dismal destruction by climate, to our firesides and our arms. Hardly have those halcyon sounds ceased upon our ear, until, in resumed public session, we are summoned to fresh warlike operations; to the creation of a new army of thirty thousand men for the further prosecution of the war—to carry our power, in the language of the President, still more directly into the vital parts of our enemy, and to press home, by the power of the sword, the claims that we insist upon, against a fallen, prostrate, I had almost said an ignoble foe. If I may judge of the opinion of the honourable member from Michigan, or other speeches delivered in this chamber, there has not been a time, from the commencement of the war, when it has been more urgently pressed upon us, not only to maintain, but to increase our military means; not only to continue the war, but to press it with more vigour than at the present time. Pray, what does all this mean? Pray, Sir, I ask, is it confessed, then, that we are no nearer to peace than we were when we snatched up a bit of paper called, or miscalled, a treaty, and ratified it? Have we yet to fight it out to the utmost, as if no pacification had intervened? I wish to treat the proceedings of this and every department of this Government with the utmost respect. God knows that the Constitution of this Government, and the exercise of its just powers in the administration of the laws under it, have been the cherished object of all my unimportant life. But if the subject were not too deeply interesting, I should say that our proceedings here might well enough cause a smile. In the ordinary transaction of foreign relations in this and all other Governments, the course has been to negotiate first, and to ratify afterwards. This would seem to be the natural order of conducting intercourse between foreign States. We have chosen to reverse the order. We ratify first and negotiate afterwards. We set up a treaty, such as we find it, and such as we choose to make it, and then we send two ministers plenipotentiary to negotiate thereupon in the capitol of the enemy. One should think, Sir, that the ordinary course of proceeding was much the wiser; that to negotiate, hold intercourse, come to some arrangement by authorized agents, and then to submit that arrangement to the sovereign authority, to which those agents are responsible, would be always the most desirable method of procedure. It strikes me that the course we have adopted is strange, is grotesque. So far as I know, it is unprecedented in the history of diplomatic intercourse.—Learned gentlemen on the floor of the Senate, interested to defend and vindicate this course, may, in their extensive reading, have found examples. I know none.

Sir, we are in possession, by military power, of New Mexico and California, countries belonging hitherto to the United States of Mexico. We are informed by the President that it is his purpose to retain them; to consider them as territories fit to be attached, and to be attached, to these United States of America; and the military operations and designs now before the Senate are intended to enforce this claim of the Executive of the United States. We are to compel Mexico to agree that that part of her dominions called New Mexico, and that other part called California, shall be ceded to us. We are now in possession of these territories, it is said, and she is to be compelled to yield the title. This is the precise object of this new army of thirty thousand men. It is the identical object, Sir, in my judgment, for which the war was originally commenced, for which it has been hitherto prosecuted, and in furtherance of which this treaty is to be used but as one of the means to bring about the general result; that general result depending, after all, upon our superior power and the necessity of submitting to any terms which we prescribe to fallen, fallen, fallen Mexico.

The members composing the other House—the more popular branch of Congress—have all been elected since, I had almost said the fatal, the remarkable incidents of the 11th of May, 1846; and it has passed a resolution affirming that "the war with Mexico was begun unconstitutionally and unnecessarily by the Executive Government of the United States." I concur in that sentiment. I hold that to be the most recent, authentic expression of the will and the opinions of the people of the United States. There is another proposition, not so authentically announced hitherto, but in my judgment equally true—equally capable of demonstration; and that is, that this war was begun, has been continued, and is now prosecuted, for the great and leading purpose of the acquisition of new territory, out of which to bring new States, with a Mexican population, into this our Union of the United States. If unavowed at first, this purpose did not remain unavowed long. However often it may be said that we did not go to war for conquest—*credat Judæus Apella!*—yet the moment we get possession of the territory, it is said that we must retain it and make it our own. Now, I think the original object has not been changed. Sir, I think it still exists in the eyes of those who originally contemplated it—who began the war for it; that it is as attractive to them, and from which they have no more desire to avert their eyes now than they had then, or have had at any time since we have compelled a treaty of cession. We know, in our consciences, that it is compelled! We use it as an instrument and an agency, in conjunction with other instrumentalities and agencies of a more formidable or destructive character, to enforce the acquiescence of Mexico in the acquisition by us of new territory to form new States—new States to be added to this Union. Every intelligent man knows that there is a strong desire in the heart of the Mexican citizen to retain the territories belonging to that Republic. We know that the Mexican people part with their territory—if part they must—with regret, with pangs of sorrow. That we know. We know the cession is altogether forced; and therefore, because we know it must be forced—because we know that whatever the Government, which is our creature, may do or agree to—we know that the Mexican people will never accede to the terms of this treaty but through an impulse of absolute necessity, and the impression made upon them by absolute irresistible force. Therefore, we propose to overwhelm them with another army. We propose to raise immediately, ten regiments of regular troops, and twenty regiments of volunteers, and to pour them in and upon the Mexican people.

Now, Sir, I should be happy to concur, notwithstanding all this tocsin, and all this cry of all the Semproniouses in the land, that their voice is still for war—I should be happy to agree, and substantially I do agree, with the honourable member from South Carolina, that, after all, the war with Mexico is substantially over, that there can be no more fighting. My opinion in the present state of things is, that the people of this country will not sustain this war. They will not go to the expense. They will not find any gratification in putting the bayonet to the throat of the Mexican people. For my part, I hope the ten regiment bill will never become a law. Three weeks ago I should have entertained that hope with the utmost confidence. Events since have struck me with pain and shaken my conviction.—Still I hope it will not pass. And here, I dare say, I shall be called a "Mexican-Whig." A man who can stand up here, and say that he hopes that what the Administration projects for the further prosecution of the war against Mexico will not be carried into effect, is "an enemy to the country;" or, what gentlemen would consider the same thing, an enemy of the President of the United States, and his administration, and his party. He is a "Mexican!" Sir, I think very badly of the Mexican character, high and low, out and out; but names do not terrify me. Besides, if I am a sufferer in this respect, if I be made the subject of reproach by these stipendiary presses, these hired abusers of the motives of public men, I have the honour on this occasion to be in very respectable company. In the vituperative, the accusative, the denunciatory sense of that term, I do not know a greater Mexican in this body than the honourable member from Michican, at the head of the Military Committee.

Mr. Cass.—I should like the honourable gentleman to explain what sort of a Mexican I am.

Mr. Webster.—That is exactly the thing I now propose to do.

Mr. Cass.—I shall be glad to hear the explanation.

Mr. Webster.—In his remarks on this bill in the Senate, the other day, the honourable gentleman told us that his object was to frighten Mexico—it would touch his humanity to hurt her.

Mr. Cass—Does the honourable gentleman mean to say that I made such a remark?

Mr. Webster—I mean to say that the gentleman said it twice.

Mr. Cass—I beg the gentleman's pardon. I said no such thing. Will the gentleman allow me to state what I did say? I remarked that we had two objects to accomplish in raising these regiment; one was, the vigorous prosecution of the war; and, secondly, to produce a moral effect upon Mexico by convincing her of our determination, and thereby hold out an inducement to her to make peace.

Mr. Webster—The gentleman said that his principal object was to "frighten" Mexico, and that that would be more humane than to harm Mexico.

Mr. Cass, (in his seat)—True.

Mr. Webster—Is it true? Very well, I thought as much. Now, the remarkable characteristic of his speech which makes it so much a Mexican speech is, that the gentleman spoke it in the hearing of Mexico as well as in the hearing of the Senate. We have been accused, Sir, of being "Mexican Whigs," because what we say here is heard by Mexico, and Mexico derives countenance and support from what is said here. But the honourable member comes forth and tells Mexico that his object is to frighten her! His words have passed along the wires, they are on the Gulf, they are floating away to Vera Cruz; and, when they get there, they will satisfy the Mexicans that, after all—after all, "ye good Mexicans, our principal object is to frighten you!" And, to the end that they may not be frightened too much, he gives them notice that the object is to frighten them! Mr. President, when Snug, the joiner, was to represent the lion, and roar on the stage, he was quite apprehentive that he might too much frighten "the duchess and the ladies;" and, therefore, by the advice of his comrade, one Nicholas Bottom, he wisely concluded that in the heat and fury of his effort he would show one-half his face, and say: "Ladies, fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours if you think I come hither as a lion it were pity of my life! No, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are; I'm Snug, the joiner!"

But, Sir, in any view of this case—in any view of the proper policy of this Government, according to any man's apprehension and judgment—where is the necessity of this augmentation of regiments of the military force of the country? I hold in my hand a note, I suppose substantially correct, of the present military forces of the United States. I will not vouch for its entire accuracy, but I believe it is substantially according to fact. There are now twenty-five regiments of regular troops of various arms, which, if full, would give us a force of 28,960 rank and file, and including officers, thirty thousand and odd men. These, with the exception of six or seven hundred men, are now all without the limits of the United States, in field service in Mexico, or on the route to Mexico. These regiments are not full. Casualties and the climate have sadly reduced their number. If the recruiting service would now yield ten thousand men, it would not more than fill up those regiments, so as to give the field officers their full command. I understand, Sir, that the report from General Scott—General Scott! a man that has performed the most brilliant campaign in military annals; a man that has warred against the enemy, warred against the climate, warred against a thousand unpropitious circumstances, and carried the flag of his country to the capital of the enemy, honourably, proudly, humanely, to his own permanent honour and the great credit of his country. General Scott! And where is he? At Puebla. At Puebla, undergoing an inquiry before his inferiors in office, and other persons not in office, while the high powers that he exercised, and exercised with so much distinction, are turned over to another—I do not mean to say unworthy gentleman, but his inferior in military rank and station.

But General Scott reports, as I understand, that in February there were twenty thousand regular troops under his command, and *en route*. Add the thirty regiments of volunteers—and if full they would make thirty-four thousand men; officers included, over thirty-five thousand—and there would be a force of regulars and volunteers amounting to not less than fifty-five or sixty thousand men, including the recruits on the way. If my information be correct, and the honourable member from Michigan can correct me if it be not—I presume that it is correct—in February General Scott had under him in Mexico thirty thousand troops, regulars and volunteers. Now, all these troops are regularly officered. There is no deficiency of officers in the line or in the staff; they are all full. Whatever deficiency there is, consists of men. Now, Sir, there is a plausible reason for saying that it is difficult to recruit at home for the supply of deficiencies in the volunteer regiments. It will be said that volunteers choose to enlist under officers of their own selection; that they do not incline to enlist here as individual volunteers, when the regimept is abroad under officers of whom they know nothing. There may be something in that; but pray to what does that conclusion lead? Does it not lead to this—that all those volunteer corps must moulder away, so far as the privates are concerned, and come to nothing? Meantime the places of the commissioned officers are continually filled, the regiments being full of officers, although the privates, by casualty or by disease, are reduced to be less in number than the officers themselves. But, however that may be, in regard to the recruiting for the regular service, you can fill up the regiments by pay and bounty, according to existing laws, or new laws, if new laws be necessary. There is no reason upon earth why we should now create five hundred new officers for the purpose of getting ten thousand new men. There are officers to command them. All that is wanted is men; and there is a place for the men, and I suppose that no gentleman can stand up her or elsewhere and say that the recruiting service can go on faster than it will be necessary to go in order to fill up these deficiencies in the regiments abroad.

But now what do we want with a greater force than we already have in Mexico? Without asking what need there is for the supply of deficiencies in the existing regiments, what do we want beyond the thirty thousand regulars and volunteers now in field service? What is the purpose? There is no army to fight. I suppose the enemy has not five hundred men together under arms in any part of Mexico. Except in one instance, perhaps, there is not half that number. Mexico is prostrate—there is no Government to resist us. It is notorious that the Government of Mexico is on our side. It is our instrument, by which we hope to establish such a peace, and accomplish such a treaty, as we wish. As far as I can understand the matter, the Government of Mexico owes its life and breath and being, at this moment, to the support of our arm; and to the hope—I will not say how inspired—that somehow or another, and at no distant period, there may be pecuniary means arising from our three millions, or our twelve millions, or some other of our millions. What do we propose to do, then, with those thirty regiments that we design to pour into Mexico? Are we going to cut the throats of the Mexicans? Are we going to plunge the sword deeper and deeper into the vital part of Mexico? What do we propose to do? Sir, I see no object, and yet we are pressed and urged to adopt this proposition in its full length—ten regiment of regulars, and twenty regiments of volunteers! We are told, and the public is told, and the public believes, that we are on the verge of a safe and honourable peace. Every man looks out in the morning for tidings of confirmed peace, or confirmed hopes of peace. He gathers it from the Administration, and every organ of the Administration, from Dan to Beersheba; and yet the warlike operations—the incurring of additional expenses—the imposition of new charges upon the Treasury, are pressed here as if peace was not in all our thoughts, at least not in any of our expectations!

Now, Sir, I propose to hold some plain talk today; and I say that, according to my best judgment and apprehension of matters, the main object of these bills is patronage—office—the gratification of friends. This very measure for ten additional regiments creates four or five hundred officers, colonels and subalterns, and not them only, for whom I have some respect, but then there comes paymasters, contractors, persons engaged in the transport service, commissaries—even down to sutlers, *et id genus omne*—people who handle the public money without facing the foe; one and all, the true descendants, if not the true representatives of corporal Nym, who said—

"For I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue."

Sir, I hope, without disrespect to those applicants and aspirants, and those patriots, some of them patriots ready to fight, and those other patriots not willing to fight, but willing to be paid—I hope, without disrespect to any of them, according to their rank and station and merits, that they may be all disappointed. I hope, Sir, as the weather grows genial and the season advances, they will, on the whole, find it their interest to place themselves, one of these mild mornings, in the cars, and take their destination to their respective places of honourable private occupation and civil employment. They have my good wishes, that, bidding adieu to the avenue and the Capitol, and the purlieus of the President's house, they may reach their homes in good health themselves and find their families all very happy to receive them.

But, Sir, *paulo majora canamus!* This war was waged for the purpose of creating new States, near the southern portion of the United States, out of Mexican territory, and with such population as might be found resident therein. I have opposed that project. I am against the creation of new States. I am against the acquisition of territory to form new States. And this, Sir, is not a matter of sentimentality, which I am to parade before mass meetings or before my constituents at home. It is with me no matter of declamation, regret, or expressed repugnance. It is matter of firm, unchangeable purpose, to yield to no force of circumstances that have occurred, or that I may consider likely to occur: and therefore I say, Sir, that if I am asked to-day whether for the sake of peace I will take a treaty that brings two new States into the Union on its southern boundary, I say no, distinctly no! and I wish every man in the United States to understand that to be my judgment and my purpose. I have said on the southern boundary, because there the present proposition takes its locality. I would say the same of the western, the northern, the eastern, or any other boundary. I would resist to-day, and to the end, here and everywhere, any proposition to add any foreign territory, on the south or west, north or east, to the States of this Union, as they are now constituted and held together under the Constitution.—I do not want the colonies of England on the north; I as little desire the Mexican population on the south. I resist and reject all, and all with equal resolution; and therefore, I say, that if the question is put to me to-day whether I will take peace in the present state of the country—distressed, the exigency of this case, though as it is—in circumstances so afflictive to the community, and so disturbing to the business of those whom I represent as those which now surround us—I say still that if the question be put to me whether I will have peace, with new States, I say no—no—no! Why? Because, Sir, there is no necessity of being driven into the dilemma, in my judgment.—Other gentlemen may think differently. I own no man's conscience but mine own. I mean to make a clean breast for myself, and I protest that I see no reason whatever to believe that we cannot obtain as safe a peace, as honourable a peace, and as prompt a peace, without territory as with it. The things are separable. There is no necessary connection between them. Mexico does not wish us to take her territory that she may receive our money.—Far from it. She yields her assent—if she yield it at all—reluctantly, and we all know it. If she yield, it is the result of force; and there is not a man here that does not know it. Let me say, Sir, that if this Trist paper shall finally be rejected in Mexico, it is most likely to be because those who, under our protection, prepared it, cannot persuade the Mexican Congress or the Mexican people to agree to this cession of territory. The thing most likely to break up what is now expected to take place is the repugnance of the Mexican people to part with Mexican territory. They would prefer to keep their terrritory, and that we should keep our money; or we resolve that we should keep our money and allow them to keep their territory. We shall see. I pretend to no powers of prediction. I do not know what may happen. The times are full of strange events. But I think it probable that if the treaty which has gone to Mexico shall fail to be ratified, it will be because of the aversion of the Mexican Congress and the Mexican people to cede the territories, or any portion of them, belonging to their republic.

I have said, Sir, that I would rather have no peace for the present, than to have a peace that brings territories for new States, and the reason is, that I believe we can get a peace just as soon without territory as with it—a peace more safe, more enduring—vastly more honourable to us, the great Republic of the Western world. I hear gentlemen say that we must have some territory, that the people demand it; at least, I say I see no proof of it whatever. I do not doubt that there are individuals here and there, of an enterprising character, disposed to emigration, who know nothing about New Mexico, but that it is far off; and nothing of California, but that it is still further off; who are tired of the dull pursuits of agriculture and civil life. I dare say that there are hundreds and thousands of such persons who might wish for territory in which to make their fortunes. Whatever is new is attractive to such minds; they feel the spirit of a borderer, and change. I take it, to be pretty tolerably content with its condition till somebody passes beyond him; and then his disposition to take up his "traps" and pass beyond him who has passed himself, and sit down further off, is an irresistible passion. At least so says that great and sagacious observer of human manners, Chateaubriand, when he travelled in this country, in 1797. But I say, Sir, that I do not find any where, nor that there exists anywhere, any considerable respectable number of persons who think that we want more territory, and such territory.—There were twenty-four of us last year who voted against the prosecution of the war for the acquisition of territory on the ground that we did not want it—Southern men and Northern men. I believe these Southern gentlemen who concurred in that vote, and who found themselves, even against what might be supposed, to be the local feeling and partiality, able to sustain themselves upon the ground of the wisdom of the general policy of not seeking for territory, and, by the acquisition of territory, to bring into our politics certain embarrassing and embroiling questions. I do not learn that they suffered by the advocacy of such sentiments; I rather believe that they triumphed in them, and I believe that through the greater portion of the South, if we can trust what has been said here—through the Southwest, to a very great extent, the same sentiment is general—that there is no prevalent opinion in favour of new territory, and such territory, or of an augmentation of your population, and by such population. I need not say that that is, if not the undivided, the preponderating sentiment of all the North. But we think we must take territory: for the sake of peace we must take territory. This is the will of the President! If we do not take it we may fare worse! Mr. Polk will take no less! That is fixed upon! He is immovable! He has put down his foot! He had put it down, Sir, on "fifty-four forty," but it did not stay. I speak of the President of the United States as I speak of all Presidents, without disrespect; but I know no reason why his opinions, his will, his purpose declared to be fixed, should control us any more than our purpose formed upon equally conscientious motives, and, I may add, formed under as high responsibilities as those which should control him. We think he is firm and will not move. I should be sorry, Sir, very sorry, indeed, that we should entertain more respect for the firmness of an individual at the head of the Government than we can entertain for our own firmness. He will stand out, it is said, against us. Do we fear to stand out against him? For one, I do not. I am willing to meet the issue, and to go to the people over all this broad land. If we will take peace without new States, and the Administration will have no peace without new States, I am willing to stand upon that and trust the people. I do that because, in the first place, I think it is right, and in the next place, I have no distrust of the people. I am not unwilling to put that to their sovereign decision and arbitration.

Sir, I hold this question to be vital, permanent, elementary, in the future prosperity of this country and the maintenance of the Constitution, and I am willing to trust that question to the people. I prefer that it should be submitted to them, because if what I regard as a great constitutional principle, or a principle essentially important to the maintenance of the Constitution, be broken down, let it be the act of themselves. It shall never be my act. I therefore do not distrust the people. I am willing to take their sentiment on this issue, from the Gulf to the British Provinces, and from the Ocean to the Missouri. I am willing to ask them, will you continue this war for territory—for territory to be purchased after all for an enormous price, a thousand times the value of all that is purchased—or will you take peace, contenting yourselves with the honour that the country has reaped by the military achievements of its armies? Will you take peace without territory, and preserve the integrity of the Constitution and the Union? I am willing to go on that, for one.

I am willing, Sir, to take this issue: peace without new States, keeping our money to ourselves, or war till these new States shall be acquired? That's the question: it is a question for the people themselves. If they support me and those who think with me in the view I take of the matter, very well. If they will have territory, if they will add new States to this Union, why let them do so, and they will be the artificers of their own fortunes, for good or evil.

But, Sir, we tremble before Executive power.—The truth cannot be concealed—we tremble before Executive power! Mr. Polk will take nothing else than this, and, if we do not take this, "the king's anger may kindle," and he may impose still heavier burdens. Now, who and what is Mr. Polk? I speak of him in no manner of disrespect. I mean only to ask who and what is the President of the United States for the current moment? He is in the last year of the term of his administration—formally, officially, it can only be drawn out till the fourth of March. Why, really and substantially, we know that two short months will or may produce events that render the duration of the official term of very little importance. We are on the eve of a Presidential election. That machinery resorted to to collect public opinion, or party opinion, is to be put in operation two months hence. We shall see its result. It may be that the present incumbent of the Presidential office will be again presented to his party friends and admirers for their suffrages for the next Presidential term. I do not say how probable or improbable that may be—perhaps it is not entirely probable. Suppose that not to be the result, what then? Why, then, Mr. Polk becomes as absolutely insignificant as any respectable man amongst the private life—valuable no doubt to the States—honourable in his spectable—never eminent in his public life, he will, from the moment that a new star arises, have just as little influence as you, Sir, or I: and, so far as respects myself, God knows that will be very little. Sir, political partisans, and aspirants, and office-seekers, are not sun-flowers; they do not

"Turn on their god when he sets
The same look which they turned when he rose!"

Now, Sir, if the respectable gentleman who is now at the head of the Government, should be agreed upon, there will be those who will commend his consistency, and be bound to maintain it and the integrity of the party; his friends will require that this should be done. If otherwise, who is there in the whole length and breadth of the land who will care for the consistency of the present incumbent of that office? There will then be new objects. Manifest destiny will have fixed upon some other man, Sir; the eulogies are now written; the commendations of the press are already elaborated; I will not say everything fulsome, but I will say everything panegyrical is already written out, with blanks for names, to be filled when the Convention shall adjourn. When manifest destiny shall be reached, then Sir, all these strains of panegyric made beforehand, laid up in pigeon-holes, studied, framed, emblazoned, and embossed, will all come out, and then there will be, there is bound to be, somebody in the United States, possibly, whose merits have heretofore been strangely overlooked—marked by Providence—a kind of miracle—it is a wonder that nobody thought of him before; a fit man, and the only fit man to be at the head of this great Republic. I shrink not, therefore, from anything that I feel to be my duty, by any apprehension of the power, and importance, and imposing dignity, and the power of will which is ascribed to the present incumbent of that office. I wish we had that power of will. I wish we had that firmness—firmness—firmness. *Si sit numen nullam abest.* If we had adherence? I wish we could gather something from the spirit of our brave corps that have met the enemy under circumstances most adverse, and have stood the shock. I wish we could imitate Zachary Taylor in his bivouac upon the field of Buena Vista. He said he would remain for the night; he would feel the enemy in the morning, and try his position. I wish before we surrender, that we could make up our own minds to feel the enemy and try his position, and I think we should find him, as Taylor did, under the early sun on his way to San Louis Potosi! That is my judgment.

But, Sir, I come to the all-absorbing question, more particularly, of the creation of new States. When I came into the councils of the country, Louisiana had been obtained under the treaty with France, and shortly afterwards Florida was obtained under the treaty with Spain. These two countries were known to us. They lay upon our frontiers. They commanded the outlets of the great river.—As I have had occasion to say, and shall now only repeat, without argument, in the first of these instances, the President of the United States, Mr. Jefferson, supposed the acquisition to be unconstitutional: he acted upon that supposition. Mr. Madison was then Secretary of State. He proposed that a proposition for an amendment of the Constitution should be submitted, in order to bring Louisiana into the Union. He drew up the proposition, and it was submitted to Mr. Adams. Mr. Madison did not go upon the general idea that new States might be admitted. He did not proceed upon the motion of a general amendment to the Constitution in this respect, but the amendment of the Constitution which he proposed and submitted to Mr. Adams was article 13th, amendatory of the Constitution—"The province of Louisiana is hereby declared to be part and parcel of the United States." Public opinion, owing to the great importance of this acquisition, took a turn favourable to the affirmation of the power, without any new constitutional provision. The power was acquiesced in. Louisiana became a part of the Union; and, following the example of Louisiana, Florida was admitted. Now, Sir, I consider these transactions as past, settled, legalized. There they stand. They are part of our political history. They are facts against which it would be idle at this day to contend. My first agency in these matters was upon the proposition for admitting Texas into the Union. That I thought it my duty to oppose, upon the general ground of opposing all annexation of new States; and I may add, and ought to add, in justice, because there was a proposition then before the country, as to Southern States, having a slave population, being represented in the Congress of the United States, upon the ground of inequality. It happened to me, Sir, to be called on to address a political meeting in New York, in 1837-'38, after the recognition of Texan independence. I may state now, Sir, what I have often stated before, that no man from the first has been a better wisher—a more sincere well-wisher—to the people and Government of Texas than myself. I looked upon the achievement of their independence at the battle of San Jacinto as quite extraordinary; —almost a marvellous incident in the affairs of mankind. I was among the first to be disposed to acknowledge her independence, but from the first, and from the first down to this moment, I have opposed as far as I was able the annexation of new States to this Union. I stated my reasons on the occasion to which I referred. I have them in a short abstract before me, but it is hardly worth while that I should trouble the Senate with reading them.

For a few years I held a position in the Executive Department of the Government. I left the Department of State in 1843, in May. Within a month after another most worthy and respectable gentleman—who came to a very untimely end—had taken my place, I had occasion to know, not officially, but from circumstances, that the annexation of Texas to the United States was taken up by Mr. Tyler's Administration as an administration measure, pushed, pressed, insisted on, and I believe that the honourable gentleman to whom I have referred, and for whose memory I entertain much respect, (Mr. Upshur,) had something like a passion for the accomplishment of this purpose. And I am afraid that the President of the United States at that time suffered his ardent feelings not a little to control his more prudent judgment. At any rate, I saw in 1843 that annexation had become a purpose. I was not in Congress, nor in public life, but seeing this state of things I thought it my duty to admonish, as far as I could, the country of the existence of this purpose. There are gentlemen—many of them at the North—others now in this capital, who know that in the summer of 1843, being fully persuaded that this purpose of annexing Texas had been taken up with zeal and determination by the Executive Government of the United States, I thought it my duty, and asked their concurrence in an attempt to let this purpose be known to the country. I conferred with gentlemen of distinction and eminence; I proposed some means of exciting public attention to the question of Annexation before it should become a party question; for I had learned that when a matter becomes a party matter, it is in vain to argue against it or argue upon it. But the optimists, the quietists then, who said all things are well, and let things alone, discouraged, discountenanced, repressed, any such effort. They said the North would take care of itself, the country would take care of itself; that it would not sustain Tyler's project of annexation; when the time came the power of the North, which was felt in the House of Representatives, would be sufficient to resist the measure. And I could now refer to paragraphs and articles in the most respectable journals at the North, in which the attempt was made to produce an impression that there was no danger that we should have an addition of new States; that we need not alarm ourselves about it. I was not in Congress when the resolution providing for the annexation of Texas was passed. I only know that up to a very short period before the passage of that resolution, the general impression was, in the country where I belonged, that no such resolution could pass. But I have found, Sir, in the course of thirty years' experience, that whatever measure the Executive Government embraces and pushes is quite likely to succeed. There is a giving way somewhere. If the Executive Government acts with uniformity, steadiness, entire unity of purpose, sooner or later it is quite apt enough, according to my construction of history, too apt to effect its purpose.

[illegible] administration the resolutionment of the present Administration Texas passed Congress. Texas complied with the provisions of these resolutions, and she was here, or the case was here on the 22d of December, 1845, for her final admission into the Union as one of these States. I took occasion then to state that I hoped I had shown all proper regard for Texas; that I had been certainly opposed to annexation; that if I should go over the whole matter again, I should have nothing more to add; that I had acted all along under the unanimous declaration of all parties, and of the Legislature of Massachusetts; that I thought there must be some limit to the extent of our territories; and that I wished that this country should exhibit to the world the example of a powerful Republic without the greediness and hunger of empire. And I added that, while I held with as much faithfulness as any citizen of the country to all the original arrangements and compromises of the Constitution under which we live, I never could, and I never should, bring myself to be in favour of the admission of any States in the Union as slaveholding States, and I might have added, any States at all. Now, as I have said, in all this I acted under the resolutions of the State of Massachusetts, certainly concurrent with my own judgment, so often repeated, and reaffirmed by the unanimous consent of all men of all parties; that I could not well go through the series of pointing out not only the impolicy, but the unconstitutionality of such annexation. A case presented is this: If a State proposes to come into the Union, and to come in as a slave State, then there is an augmentation of the inequality in the representation of the people which already exists—an inequality already existing, with which I do not quarrel, and which I never will attempt to alter, but shall preserve as long as I have a vote to give, or any voice in this Government, because it is a part of the original compact. Let it stand.

But, then, there is another consideration of vastly more general importance even than that: more general, because it affects all the States, free and slaveholding; and it is, that if States formed out of territories thus thinly populated, come into the Union, they necessarily, inevitably break up the relation existing between the two branches of the Government, and destroy its balance. They break up the intended relation between the Senate and the House of Representatives. If you bring in new States, any State that comes in must have two Senators. She may come in with fifty or sixty thousand people and more. You may have from a particular State more Senators than you have Representatives. Can anything occur to disfigure and derange the form of Government under which we live more signally than that? Here would be a Senate bearing no proportion to the people, out of all relation to them, by the addition of new States; from some of them only one Representative, perhaps, and two Senators; whereas the larger States may have ten, fifteen, or even thirty Representatives, and but two Senators. The Senate, added to, augmented by these new Senators coming from States where there are few people, becomes an odious oligarchy. It holds power without any adequate constituency. Sir, it is but "borough-mongering" upon a large scale. Now, I do not depend upon theory. I ask the Senate and the country to look at the facts: to see where we were when we made our departure three years ago, and where we now are; and I leave it to the imagination to conjecture where we shall be.

We admitted Texas—one State for the present—but, Sir, if you refer to the resolutions providing for the annexation of Texas, you find a provision that it shall be in the power of Congress hereafter to make four new States out of Texan territory. Present and prospectively, five new States—ten Senators—may come into the Union out of Texas. Three years ago we did this: we now propose to make two States. Undoubtedly if we take, as the President recommends, New Mexico and California, there must then be four new Senators. We shall then have provided in these territories out of the United States along our southern borders for the creation of States enough to send fourteen Senators into this Chamber. Now, what will be the relation between these Senators and the people they represent, or the States from which they come? I do not understand that there is any very accurate census of Texas. It is generally supposed to contain a hundred and fifty thousand persons. I doubt whether it is above one hundred thousand.

Mr. Mangum—It contains one hundred and forty-nine thousand.

Mr. Webster—My honourable friend on my left says a hundred and forty-nine thousand. I put it down, then, one hundred and fifty thousand. Well, Sir, Texas is not destined probably to be a country of dense population. We will suppose it to have near one hundred and fifty thousand population by the best accounts, and I have given over all that I can find. New Mexico may have sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, such as they are! Say seventy thousand. In California there are not supposed to be above twenty-five thousand men; but, undoubtedly, if this territory should become ours, persons from Oregon and from our Western States will find their way to San Francisco, where there is some good land, and we may suppose they will shortly amount to sixty or seventy thousand. We will put them down at seventy thousand. Then the whole territory in this estimate, which is as large as any man puts it at, will contain two hundred and ninety thousand persons, and they will send us, whenever we ask for them, fourteen Senators; a population less than that of the State of Vermont, and not the eighth part of that of New York! Fourteen Senators, and no more people than Vermont, and no more people than New Hampshire, and not so many people as the good State of New Jersey! But then, Sir, Texas claims to the line of the Rio Grande, and, if it be her true line, why then of course she absorbs a considerable part, nay, the greater part, of the population of what is now called New Mexico. I do not argue the question of the true southern or western line of Texas; I only say that it is apparent to everybody who will look at the map and learn anything of the matter, that New Mexico cannot be divided by this river, the Rio Grande, which is a shallow, fordable, insignificant stream, creeping along through a narrow valley, at the base of enormous mountains. New Mexico must remain together; it must be a State, with its seventy thousand people, and so it will be, and so will be California. But suppose Texas to remain a unit, and but one State for the present, still we have three States: Texas, New Mexico, and California. We have six Senators, then, for less than three hundred thousand people. We have as many Senators for three hundred thousand people in that region as we have for New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, with four or five millions of people; and that is what we call an equal representation! Is not this enormous? Have gentlemen considered this? Have they looked at it? Are they willing to look it in the face and then say they embrace it? I trust in God the people will look at it and consider it. And now let me add that this disproportion can never be diminished: it must remain forever. How are you going to diminish it? Why, here is Texas, with a hundred and forty-nine thousand people, with one State. Suppose that population should flow into Texas, where will it go? Not to any dense point, but to be spread over all that region, in places remote from the Gulf, in places remote from what is now the capital of Texas; and therefore, as soon as there are in other portions of Texas people enough, within our common construction of the Constitution and our practice in respect to the admission of States, my honourable friend from Texas will have a new State, and I have no doubt he has chalked it out already. Well, then, as to New Mexico, there can be no more people there. The man is ignorant, stupid, who has looked at the map of New Mexico and read the accounts of it, who supposes there can be any more people there than there is now—some sixty or seventy thousand. It is an old settled country—the people living along in the bottom of this valley on the two sides of a little stream; a garter of land only on one side and the other, filled by coarse landholders and miserable peons. It can sustain—not only under their cultivation, but under any cultivation that our American race should ever submit it to—no more people than there are there now. There will then be two Senators for sixty thousand inhabitants in New Mexico to the end of our lives, and to the end of the lives of our children. And then, Sir, how is it with California? We propose to take California in the [illegible] second degree north of the Pacific. All along that great distance coast are settlements, and villages, and forts; back, it is all wilderness and barrenness and Indian country. But if about San Francisco, and perhaps down to Monterey, or a little to the north, there shall be enough to make up one State, why the people five hundred miles off in time to come will have another State, and then this disproportion of Senators to the people will go on, and must go on, and we cannot prevent it. I say, Sir, that according to my conscientious convictions, we are now fixing upon the Constitution of the United States and upon our form of Government a monstrosity—a disfiguration—an enormity. Sir, I hardly dare trust myself. I do not know that I may not be under some delusion. I do not know that my head is not turned. It may be that it is the weakness of mine eyes that forms this monstrous apparition. But if I may trust myself—if I may persuade myself that I am in my right mind, then it does appear to me that we, in this Senate, have been acting, and are acting, and are likely to be acting hereafter, a part which will certainly form a remarkable epoch in the history of our Government. I hold it to be enormous—flagrant—and an outrage upon all the principles of a popular representative Government and upon the elementary provisions of the Constitution under which we live and which we have sworn to support. But then, Sir, what frees the case from this enormity? Why, it is that we stipulate only that these new States shall be brought in at a suitable time. Now, what is to constitute the suitableness of time? Who is to judge of it? I tell you, Sir, that the suitable time will come whenever the preponderance of party power here makes it necessary to bring in new States. The time will depend on the state of our politics here, and not upon the condition of these States elsewhere. Be assured, Sir, there will be a suitable time whenever strength, or party power, or votes are wanting in this Senate. We have some little experience of this. Texas came in in suitable time. Very suitable! Texas was finally admitted in December, 1844. My friend near me here, (Mr.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

Rusk,) for whom I have great regard, whose acquaintance I have cultivated with much pleasure, took his seat here, with his colleague, in March, 1845. In July, 1846, these two Texan votes turned the balance in the Senate and overthrew the tariff of 1842, in my judgment the best system of revenue that was ever established in this country. Gentlemen of different opinions think otherwise. They think it was fortunate. They think the Texan votes came in in suitable time; and they will take care that New Mexican votes shall come in in suitable time also. I understand it perfectly well. It is a difference of opinion between myself and them. To their policy, to their object, to their purposes, the time was suitable, and the aid was efficient and decisive. Sir, in 1850 perhaps similar questions may be agitated here—they are not likely to be before—but agitated they will be then, unless some change in the course of the administration of the Government take place; and, according to my apprehension, looking to general results as flowing from our established system of commerce and revenue in 1850, two years from this time, we may probably be engaged in a new revision of our system; in the work of establishing, if we can, a tariff of specific duties; in the work of protecting, if we can, the domestic industry of this country, and in the work of preventing to some extent, if we can, the overwhelming flood of importations. Suppose this to be the case, and suppose that our opponents require additional strength, that will be exactly the suitable time for two Senators from New Mexico to make their appearance here.

But again, we hear other halcyon, soothing, quieting tones, which quiet none of my alarms, assuage none of my fears, commend me to my nightly rest with no more resignation. It is said we may trust the popular branch of the Legislature—we may look to the House of Representatives, the great majority of whom are from the North and Middle States; and we may trust them, that these new States are not admitted sooner than they should be, or admitted for any party purpose. I am compelled by experience to distrust all such reliance. If we cannot rely on ourselves, when we have a clear and unquestioned constitutional authority, competent to carry us through, I beg to know how we are to rely on others? Have we more respect for the patriotism, the firmness of others than our own? Besides, experience shows us that things of this sort may be sprung upon Congress and upon the people. It was so in the case of Texas. It was so in the 28th Congress. The members of the 28th Congress were not chosen with the view to decide the question of annexation or no annexation. They came here upon other grounds, political and party grounds, supported by their friends on one side and the other, for reasons not connected with this question. What, then? Why the Administration sprung the question upon Congress. It obtained a snap-judgment, and carried the measure of annexation. That can be proved by many facts. I will state one. There were four gentlemen in the House of Representatives from Connecticut, elected before this question arose—belonging to the Democratic party. They had not been here long before they entered into the spirit of annexation; and when this became known, remonstrances—public, private, and legislative—were uttered in sounds which any one could have heard who could hear thunder. Did it move these gentlemen? Not at all. Every one of them voted for annexation. The election came round a few months afterwards, and they were all turned out; but what did those care for that who had the benefit of their votes? Such agencies, or if it be proper to call them, instrumentalities, maintain respect no longer than they continue to be useful.

Sir, we take New Mexico and California. Who is weak enough to think that there is an end? Why, do we not hear it avowed every day that it is proper for us also to take Sonora and Tamaulipas, and other provinces or States of Northern Mexico? Who thinks that the hunger for dominion will stop here of itself? Somebody has said that this acquisition is so mean, and lean, and unsatisfactory, that we shall seek no further. In my judgment, Sir, you may believe that, if you can believe that a rapacious animal that has made one unproductive foray won't try for a better! But, further, there are some things that we can argue against with temper, and submit to, if overruled, without mortification. There are other things that seem to affect one's consciousness of being a reasonable man, and evince a disposition to impose upon his common sense. And of this class of topics or pretensions I have never heard of anything, and cannot conceive of anything more ridiculous in itself, more absurd, and more affrontive to all sober judgment, than the cry that we are getting indemnity. Indemnity by the acquisition of New Mexico and California! I hold them not to be worth a dollar, and we pay for them a vast sum of money. We have expended, as everybody knows, large treasures in the prosecution of the war, and now what is there to constitute indemnity? What do gentlemen mean by it? Let us see how this matter stands.—We get a country. We get a country in the first instance, either by cession or acknowledgment of boundary—I care not which way you state it—the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. What this country is appears from a publication of an honourable gentleman in the other House, in which he quotes an account given by Major Gaines. He says that the country is worth nothing; that he would not hazard the life of a single individual for every foot of land from San Patricio to the valley of the Rio Grande. This gentleman has been there lately, and is well acquainted with the condition of the country. So far then as that part of our acquisition is concerned, I take it for granted it is not worth a dollar!

Now of New Mexico. Of that, forty-nine fiftieths at least, is a mere barren waste of desert plain or mountain. There is no wood, no timber—little fagots to light a fire carried thirty or forty miles on mules. There is no natural fall of rains, as in temperate climates. The place and scene are Asiatic—enormously high mountains, running up, some to the height of ten thousand feet, with very narrow valleys at their bases, through which streams sometimes trickle along; a garter winds along, through the thread of which runs the Rio Grande from afar in the Rocky Mountains down to the latitude of about thirty-three degrees, some three or four hundred miles. There these sixty thousand persons are. In the mountains, on the right and the left, are streams whose natural tendencies would be as lateral streams to flow into the Rio Grande, and in certain seasons of the year, when the rains have been abundant in the mountains, some of them do actually reach the Rio Grande, but the greater part of them always, and all of them for a greater part of the year, never reach an outlet to the sea. They are absorbed in the sandy and desert plains of the country.—There is no culture anywhere, save that which can be obtained by artificial watering or irrigation. You can have this along the narrow valley of the Rio Grande, in the gorges of the mountains, where the streams are; but you cannot have it down along the course of those streams that lose themselves in the sands.

Now, Sir, there is no public domain in New Mexico; there is not a foot of land to be sold by the Government; there is not an acre that will become ours when the country becomes ours—not an acre. But, more than this, the country is full of people, such as they are. There is not the least thing in it to invite the settlement of our planters or farmers. There will go, I dare say, speculators, traders, some of them adventurers, tired of the good country in the valley of the Nueces will not desire to transfer farmers or planters from the United States in New Mexico in the next fifty years. They cannot live there. Do you suppose they are going to cultivate lands which cannot be made productive in the slightest degree without irrigation? The people that are there produce little and live upon little. I believe the characteristic of our farmers throughout this country is to produce a good deal, and consume a good deal. Again, New Mexico is not like Texas. I had hoped, and still hope, that Texas is to be filled up by a population like ourselves—not by the Spanish race, not by peons, not by coarse, ignorant, vulgar landlords, with tribes of slaves around them, predial and otherwise.

Mr. Rusk—Will the honourable Senator allow me one word? I did not like to interrupt the Senator when he was reading an account of the country lying in the valley of the Nueces. When that country comes to be known, it will be found as valuable as any portion of Texas. From its source to its mouth, the valley of the Rio Grande will be found to be same thing. I did not choose to interrupt the honourable Senator, but we do not claim it as indemnity, believing it to be our just and equitable right. So far as Mexican population is concerned, there is a good deal of it now in Texas, highly respectable, and amongst them those who have distinguished themselves as patriots, men of intelligence and of worth. These are coming over and settling in Texas, encouraged by the prospect of peace.

Mr. Webster—I take what I say in regard to the valley of the Rio Grande from the statement of Major Gaines. I am glad to hear that there is a part of it fit for the foot of civilized man. I am glad to hear, also, that there are some of the inhabitants of New Mexico who are not so besotted with their miserable condition as not to make some effort to get out of the country, and to come into a better.

Sir, I would, if I had time, call the attention of the Senate to a very instructive speech that was made in the other House by Mr. Smith, of Connecticut. He seems to have examined all our authorities, conversed with all our travellers, corresponded with all our agents. His speech contains all their communications, and I commend it to every man in the United States who wishes to know what we are about to acquire by the acquisition of New Mexico. New Mexico is secluded, isolated—a place by itself—in the middle of the mountains, five hundred miles, I believe, from Texas.

[Mr. Rusk. Five hundred miles from the settled portions of Texas.]

Mr. Webster. Further from anywhere else. It does not belong anywhere. It has no belongings about it. Sir, at this moment it is absolutely more retired and shut out from communication with the civilized world than the Sandwich Islands, or most of the islands in the Pacific Ocean. It presses hard on Typee, and the people are infinitely less elevated in mind and condition than the people of the Sandwich Islands; far less worthy of our association; far less fit to send their Senators here than are the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands; far less worthy are they than the better classes of Indians in our neighbourhood. Commend me to the Cherokees, the Chocktaws, if you please—to speak of the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, the Snake Indians, and the Flatheads—anything except the ——— Indians, and I am satisfied with them, instead of the people of New Mexico. They have no notion of our institutions, or of any free institutions. They have no notion of popular government. Not the slightest—not the slightest on earth. And the question is asked, what will be their Constitution? It is farcical to talk of such a people making a Constitution. They do not know the meaning of the term. They do not know its import; they know nothing at all about it. And I can tell you, Sir, that when we have made it a territory, and wish to make it a State, such a constitution as the Executive power of this Government thinks fit to send to them will be sent and adopted. The Constitution of our fellow-citizens of New Mexico will be framed in the city of Washington. Now, what says Col. Hardin in regard to New Mexico, that most lamented and distinguished officer, whom I well knew as a member of the other House, and whose death I did most deeply deplore? He gives a description of New Mexico, and speaks of the people of that country in these terms:

"The people are on a par with their land. One in two hundred or five hundred is rich, and lives like a nabob; the rest are peons or servants sold for debt, who work for their masters, and are as subservient as the slaves of the South, and look like Indians; and indeed are not more capable of self-government. One man, Jacobus Sanchez, owns three-fourths of all the land our column has passed over in Mexico. We are told we have seen the best part of Northern Mexico; if so, the whole of it is not worth much."

I need not read the whole extract. He speaks of all Northern Mexico, and New Mexico is not the better part of it. Sir, there is a recent traveller, who is not unfriendly to the United States, if I may judge from his works, for he commends us everywhere. He is an Englishman, and his name is Ruxton. I believe the work is in the library, and I suppose that gentlemen have seen it.—He gives an account of the morals and manners of these people; and, Mr. President and Senators, I will take leave to introduce you to these, your soon-to-be-respected fellow-citizens of New Mexico:

"It is remarkable that, although existing from the earliest colonization of New Mexico, a period of two centuries, in a state of continual hostility with the numerous savage tribes of Indians who surrounded their territory, and in constant insecurity of life and property from their attacks; being also far removed from the enervating influences of large cities, and in their isolated situation entirely dependant on their own resources, the inhabitants are totally destitute of those qualities which, for the above reasons, we might naturally have expected to distinguish them, and are as deficient in energy of character and physical courage as they are in all the moral and intellectual qualities. In their social state, but one degree removed from the veriest savages, they might take lessons even from these in morality and the conventional decencies of life. Imposing no restraint on their passions, a shameless and universal concubinage exists, and a total disregard of moral laws, to which it would be impossible to find a parallel in any country calling itself civilized. A want of honourable principle, and consummate duplicity and treachery, characterize all their dealing. Liars by nature, they are treacherous and faithless to their friends, cowardly and cringing to their enemies; cruel, as all cowards are, they unite savage ferocity with their want of animal courage; as an example of which their recent massacre of Governor Bent and other Americans may be given—one of a hundred instances."

"One out of a hundred instances;" and these are soon to be our beloved countrymen.

Mr. President, for a good many years I have struggled to oppose everything that I thought tended to strengthen the arm of Executive power. I think it is growing more and more formidable every day; and I think that in yielding to it in this as in other instances will give it strength which it may be hereafter very difficult to resist. I think it nothing else than fear of Executive power that commits us to the support of this war for the acquisition of territory—fear—fear—and nothing else.—In the little part I have acted in public life it has been my purpose to preserve the people of the United States—what the Constitution was designed to make them—one people, one in interest, one in character, and in political feeling. When we depart from that we break it all up. What sympathy can there be between these New Mexicans, these Californians, and the inhabitants of the valley of the Mississippi or of the Middle States, or of the Eastern States, in the choice of President? Do they know the same men? Have they any general consentaneous sentiment? Not at all. An arbitrary Government may have territorial Governments in distant possessions, because an arbitrary Government may rule its distant territories by different laws and different systems. Russia may govern the Ukraine, and the Caucasus, and Kamschatka, by different codes and ukases.—We can do no such thing. They must be of us, part of us, or else estranged. I think I see then in progress what is to disfigure and deform the Constitution. While these territories remain territories they will be troublesome and annoying. They will draw after them a vast expense. It will probably require as many troops on an average as we have been in the habit of maintaining for the last twenty years in defending these territories from the Indian tribes. We must maintain an army at that distance, and when they become States, they are still more likely to give us more trouble than benefit. I think I see a course adopted that is likely to turn the Constitution under which we live into a deformed monster; into a curse rather than a blessing; into a great frame of unequal Government, not founded on popular representation, but founded in the grossest inequalities; and I think, if it go on—for there is danger that it will go on—that this Government will be broken up. I resist it to-day, and always; whoever falters or whoever falls, I resist; although I see that all the portents are discouraging. Would to God I could auspicate good influences! Would to God that those who think with me on this subject had stronger support! Would that we could stand where we desire to stand! But with few or alone my position is fixed. If there were time I would gladly awaken the country. I believe the country will be awakened—it may be too late—but supported or unsupported, by the blessing of God I shall do my duty. I see well enough all the sinister indications, but I am sustained by a deep and conscientious sense of duty, and while supported by that feeling of duty, and while such great interests are at stake, I shall defy all augury, and ask no omen but my country's cause!

The National Intelligencer, in an article upon the Treaty, says:—

We have not time to-day to go into the matter; but a time will come. It is enough at present to say that a leading (if not the only) *cause* of the war—which began by the march of the army to the Rio Grande—was according to authentic history the claims of American [illegible], if all found to be just, to five millions of dollars, more or less. Well: Has the "object" of compelling Mexico *to pay these claims* been accomplished? The question almost answers itself. So far from getting these five millions of dollars, to be paid to our "long-suffering" citizens, we have spent more than a hundred millions of dollars in the war for this object, and our Government has concluded, on our part, a Treaty to end the war, by which it agrees *to pay these claims out of its own Treasury.*

We know very well that this, though an ostensible object, was entirely subordinate to other real objects of the war, which objects the Executive did *not* avow, except in secret instructions to the officers of the army and navy; but which, when accomplished, the President claimed as acquisitions of territory, and recommended not only the permanent occupation of, but the addition to by further conquests. Yet the Executive and the Government are now *proud* of a peace which retains, indeed, two of the several provinces of which the permanent occupation was recommended, but for the retention even of these two provinces agrees to pay to Mexico fifteen millions of dollars. If this is anything for the Administration or its editor to be *proud* of, we should like to know.

In conclusion of these hasty remarks we submit to our venerable neighbour and his Democratic friends the following idea of one of their own politics as to the reasons which the Administration has to be *proud* of this Treaty:

From the New Orleans "Daily Crescent" of March 5.

"But this Treaty, concluded by such fit and proper persons, what is it?

"Is *this* the entertainment to which we were invited? Is this what the President calls 'indemnity for the past and security for the future?' Is this to be the glorious return for toil and battle and victory? Yes, this is all! This is the great project for peace which the President of the United States has submitted to the grave consideration of its Senators. If sanctioned, we shall have a peace, perhaps; but we shall *lose* the Northern parts of the States of Tamaulipas, Nueva Leon, Coahuila, and Chihuahua, now in our possession, with the great military line of the Sierra Madre, which, flanked by the port of Tampico and fortified at its only practicable passes of Victoria and Saltillo, would have been a strong natural and safe political boundary, and will be thrown back upon the Rio Grande, to engage in a petty and perpetual border warfare. We shall *surrender* the States of Vera Cruz, Puebla, Queretaro, and Mexico; the ports of Acapulco, Mazatlan, Tampico, Tuspan, Alvarado, Tabasco, and the all-important port of Vera Cruz, and the castle of San Juan; and we shall be allowed to retain the provinces of New Mexico and North California—provinces of which Mexico could never gain possession for a day, even were every soldier of the United States withdrawn from the soil. The hunters of the mountains, the fishermen of the Pacific, the Mormons, and the southern branch of the great Oregon emigration have settled the destiny of these territories for ever. For the privilege of making all these sacrifices and retiring from the contest, we undertake to defend Mexico against the Indians on her Northern frontier, and to pay her fifteen millions of dollars! After this display the world can no longer doubt our generosity. It may laugh at our folly. It may turn up its nose in contempt at our *magnificent schemes* and insignificant conclusions."

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1848.

APOLOGY.—A necessary absence from New York, for several weeks, must be our apology for any lack of interest there may have been in our editorial columns for the last few numbers. We recommence our labours under more favourable auspices than ever before since our connection with the Standard, and we trust that the arrangement announced below, will be as acceptable to our readers, as it is agreeable to us.

The Standard—New Arrangement.

The Standard, for the ensuing volume, will continue under the charge of its present editor, with the assistance of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, as Corresponding Editor.

Mr. Lowell's contributions will be weekly, and over his own initials.

EDMUND QUINCY, whose letters from Boston, are already known to, and appreciated by our readers, will continue our regular *Boston Correspondent*. A letter from him will be published every fortnight.

Our Dublin Correspondent, R. D. WEBB, will keep us informed of the condition of Ireland, and the state of Europe generally, as heretofore by regular communications, twice each month.

We have the promise, also, of occasional letters from two well-known friends of the cause, who will leave this country on the 1st of June, for Europe.

With such a list of *regular contributors* to its columns, in addition to those who favour us with occasional communications, we are confident that the Standard will be worthy of, and we trust will receive, the hearty support of every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We are certainly speaking within bounds, when we say, that no volume, since its establishment, has been commenced under more favourable auspices. The engagement of Mr. Lowell, whose reputation as a poet, and a reviewer, is second to no other in this country, we esteem as a most fortunate one for the paper and the cause which it advocates. And it is not improper to say here, that the frequent quotations which are made from the letters of our Boston and Dublin correspondents, are the best proof of the esteem in which they are held by our contemporaries of the Press.

Two years since the price of the Standard was put at $1 *per annum*, in the hope of an increased circulation. The success of the experiment has not been such as to justify, in the opinion of the Committee, the continuation of these terms, in view of the increased expenditure involved in the new arrangement. The subscription-price, therefore, will be raised, at the commencement of the new volume, to its former rate of *Two Dollars per annum*, payable in advance. The new arrangement commences immediately, but the price will not be raised till the 1st of June. All subscribers who have *already* paid in advance for the next volume, will receive the paper, till the close of their year at the old price. All whose year commences *before* the close of the present volume, and who pay before the change is made, will receive the paper to the close of *their* year, at $1 *per annum*. But all who do not pay before the 1st of June, whose subscription commences at that time, and have not already paid, will pay the new price of $2 *per annum*.

Ode to France.

I.

As, flake by flake, the beetling avalanches
Build up their imminent crags of noiseless snow,
Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin launches
And the blind Havoc leaps unwarned below,—
So grew and gathered through the silent years
The madness of a People, wrong by wrong;
There seemed no strength in the dumb toiler's tears—
No strength in suffering;—but the Past was strong:
The brute despair of trampled centuries
Leapt up with one hoarse yell and snapt its bands,
Groped for its right with horny, callous hands,
And stared around for God with blood-shot eyes:
What wonder if those palms were all too hard
For nice distinctions?—if that maimed throng,
They, whose thick atmosphere no bard
Had shivered with the lightning of his song,
Brutes with the memories and desires of men,
Whose chronicles were writ with iron pen,
In the crooked shoulder and the forehead low,
Set wrong to balance wrong
And physicked woe with woe?

II.

They did as they were taught; not their's the blame
If men who scattered fire-brands, reaped the flame:
They trampled Peace beneath their savage feet,
And by her golden tresses drew
Mercy along the pavement of the street;—
O, Freedom! Freedom! is thy morning-dew
So gory red? Alas, thy light had ne'er
Shone in upon the chaos of their lair!
They reared to thee such symbol as they knew—
A vengeance, axe in hand, that stood
Holding a tyrant's head up by the clotted hair.

III.

What wrongs the Oppressor suffered, these we know;
These have found piteous voice in song and prose;
But for the Oppressed, their darkness and their woe,
Their grinding centuries,—what muse had those?
Though hall and palace had nor eyes nor ears,
Hardening a people's heart to senseless stone,
Thou knewest them, O Earth, that drank their tears,
O Heaven, that heard their inarticulate moan!
They noted down their fetters, link by link,
Coarse was the hand that scrawled it, red the ink;
Rude was their score, as suits unlettered men,
Notched with a headsman's axe upon a block;—
What marvel if, when came the avenging shock,
'Twas Até not Urania, held the pen?

IV.

With eye averted and an anguished frown,
Loathingly glides the muse through scenes of strife,
Where, like the heart of vengeance, up and down,
Throbs in its frame-work the blood-muffled knife;
Slow are the steps of Freedom, but her feet
Turn never backward: her's no bloody glare;
Her light is calm, and innocent, and sweet
And where her light comes, there is no despair:
Not first on palace and cathedral-spire,
Quivers and gleams that unconsuming fire;
While these stand black against her morning skies,
The peasant sees it leap from peak to peak
Along his hills; the craftsman's burning eyes
Own with cool tears its influence mother-meek;
It lights the poet's heart up like a star;—
Ah! while the tyrant deemed it still afar
And twined with golden threads his futile snare,
That swift, convicting glow all round him ran,
'Twas close beside him there,
Blazing for ever in the soul of man.

V.

O, Broker-King, is this thy wisdom's fruit?
A dynasty plucked out as 'twere a weed
Grown rankly in a night, that leaves no seed!
Could eighteen years strike down no deeper root?
But now thy vulture eye was turned on Spain,—
A shout from Paris, and thy crown falls off,
Thy race has ceased to reign,
And thou become a fugitive and scoff:
Slippery the feet that mount by stairs of gold,
And weakest of all fences one of steel;—
Go and keep school again like him of old,
The Syracusan tyrant, thou may'st feel
Royal amid a birch-swayed Commonweal!

VI.

Not long can he be ruler who allows
His time to run before him; thou wast naught
Soon as the strip of gold about thy brows
Was no more emblem of the People's thought:
Vain were thy bayonets against the foe
Thou hadst to cope with; thou didst wage
War, not with Frenchmen merely,—no,
Thy strife was with the Spirit of the Age,
The invisible Spirit whose first breath divine
Scattered thy frail endeavour,
And, like poor last year's leaves, whirled thee and thine
Into the Dark forever!

VII.

Is here no triumph? Nay, what though
The yellow blood of Trade meanwhile should pour
Along its arteries a shrunken flow,
And the idle canvass droop around the shore?
These do not make a State
Nor keep it great;
I think God made
The earth for man, not trade,
And, where each humblest human creature
Can stand, no more suspicious or afraid,
Great and kingly in his right of nature,
To Heaven and Earth knit with harmonious ties,—
Where I behold the exultation
Of manhood glowing in those eyes
That had been dark for ages,
Or only lit with bestial loves and rages,
There I behold a Nation:
The France which lies
Between the Pyrenees and Rhine,
Is the least part of France;
I see it rather in the soul whose shine
Burns through the craftsman's grimy countenance,
In the new energy divine
Of Toil's enfranchised glance.

VIII.

And if it be a dream,
If the great Future be the little Past
'Neath a new mask, which drops and shows at last
The same weird mocking face to baulk and blast,—
Yet, Muse, a gladder measure suits the theme,
And the Tyrtaean harp
Loves notes more resolute and sharp,
Throbbing as throbs the bosom, hot and fast:
Such visions are of morning,
Theirs is no vague forewarning,
The dreams which nations dream come true,
And shape the world anew;
If this be a sleep,
Make it long, make it deep,
O Father, who sendest the harvests men reap!
While labour so sleepeth
His sorrow is gone,
No longer he weepeth,
But smileth and steepeth
His thoughts in the dawn;
He heareth Hope yonder
Rain, larklike, he fancies,
His dreaming hands wander
'Mid heartsease and pansies;
"'Tis a dream! 'Tis a vision!"
Shrieks Mammon aghast,
"The day's broad derision
Will chase it at last;
Ye are mad, ye have taken
A slumbering kraken
For firm land of the Past!"
Ah! if he awaken,
God shield us all then,
If this dream rudely shaken
Shall cheat him agen!

IX.

Since first I heard our Northwind blow,
Since first I saw Atlantic brow
On our fierce rocks his thund'rous snow,
I loved, thee, Freedom; as a boy
The rattle of thy shield at Marathon
Did with a Grecian joy
Through all my pulses run;
But I have learned to love thee now
Without the helm upon thy gleaming brow,
A maiden mild and undefiled
Like her who bore the world's redeeming child;
And surely never did thy altars glance
With purer fires than now in France;
While, in their bright white flashes,
Wrong's shadow, backward cast,
Waves cowering o'er the ashes
Of the dead blaspheming Past,
O'er the shapes of fallen giants,
His own unburied brood,
Whose dead hands clench defiance
At the overpowering good:
And down the happy Future runs a flood
Of prophesying light;
It shows an Earth no longer stained with blood,
Blossom and fruit where now we see the bud
Of Brotherhood and Right. J. R. L.

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

LIBERTY—EQUALITY—FRATERNITY.

The Provisional Government of the Republic, considering that no French land should any longer bear slaves, decrees—a commission is instituted under the Provisional Minister of Colonies and the Marine, to prepare, within the shortest delay, the act for the IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES in all the colonies of the Republic.

PARIS, March 4. F. ARAGO.

Such is the Proclamation of the Provisional Government of France. It makes the Abolition of Chattel Slavery one of the first acts of the Republic. It shows, at least, that the people are in earnest, and that Liberty with them is not merely a brag wherewith to gull themselves and the world. That the first efforts of the new government are freedom and subsistence to every citizen of the State augurs well for its continuance; but, unfortunately, virtue does not always meet with its reward in nations, any more than in individuals, and the Republic which regards man and his rights first, and above all, may be crushed almost at its birth, while that which has outstripped all its hoary predecessors, among the nations, in its crimes against humanity, has flourished for more than half a century, and flourishes to-day a "living monument of God's sparing mercy."

If our readers will search among the foreign news in the newspapers generally, they will find the above Proclamation, stowed away as snugly, and as much out of sight, as possible. The editors are careful, generally, to say nothing about it, and he considers himself a happy man who can smuggle the statement of the fact of the abolition of French Slavery in among the price of pork and flour in the Liverpool market. They crow lustily enough over the French Revolution, cackle themselves hoarse over the downfall of a throne, and cannot be loud enough in praise of the French people. But the braggarts are very chary of entering into particulars, or making any comparisons between this Republic and that. However, we rather like this silence, and esteem it a good sign. In the meetings of congratulation and sympathy which are held in various parts of the country, we trust that the subject is avoided, not because the people are forgetful of it, but because they remember it too distinctly, and have nothing to say. What else can indeed be done? All we can ask of the people of this country is, that they should have the modesty to preserve a discreet silence. That they should refrain altogether from making fools of themselves, is not to be expected; they would be more than mortal should they, on such provocation as this, forego the habit of playing the parts of Mawworm and Bombastes Furioso combined, in the sight of the Heavens and the Earth. We expected, therefore, that a vast deal of breath would be expended on the glorious principles of Freedom in general, but nothing said on any particular application of them by the French people, unless indeed, the *universal* reformers of the Harbinger and Young America schools should remember that the French Republic had abolished what they are forced to acknowledge, when pushed to it, is the worse form of human Slavery; but they only remembered to forget it. If such neglect in the people at large may be attributed to their shame, in these reformers it can only be imputed to their selfishness.

In the Congress of the United States, however, the richest farce has been played. In both Houses, some of the members have tacked to the resolutions of sympathy, a word or two of approbation of the abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies, and the republicans of this country have been driven well nigh mad by such fanaticism. We regret that we have no room for the debates this week, but shall publish them in our next paper.

A. B. C. F. M. The *Arkansas Intelligencer*, from which we copied a paragraph or two last week, has come out of the cold sweat into which the advent of the Rev. Mr. Treat has thrown it, as witness the following paragraph:

REV. S. B. TREAT.—Always keenly alive to the danger of abolition, when that inflammable spirit is in our midst, or upon our border, we very naturally take alarm when such danger is apparent. When we were informed that Mr. Treat was in the Indian country meddling with the Slavery question, we expressed our alarm, and added our caution upon the subject.

Since our article upon Mr. T.'s mission was published, we have been informed that although it is admitted he is an Abolitionist, yet he has made no such effort in regard to the abolition of Slavery in the Cherokee Nation, as he was charged with by our informants. The information we derived about Mr. Treat's principles and action in the nation, came from the very best sources in the nation.

We knew that the editor of the Intelligencer would be relieved from his anxiety the moment the real fact was made known. He has as much reason to fear his own bowie-knife propagating abolition, as the Rev. Mr. Treat. The Board should issue a manifesto to the Southern brethren, and assure them that the purpose of its missionaries is the promulgation of orthodox theology, not of Christianity.

☞ We have received the first number of a small monthly sheet, called THE LOOKING-GLASS, and issued by the Newark (N. J.) Anti Slavery Society. As the first sign of Anti-Slavery life that we have seen in Eastern New Jersey for years, we hail it with great satisfaction. We are glad of tangible proof that there are any Abolitionists in this neighbourhood. Wm. Larison is the editor of the *Looking-Glass*.

☞ The Connecticut election has resulted in favour of the Whigs.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. Joshua R. Giddings for a copy of Mr. Calhoun's speech on the Ten Regiment Bill.

☞ Hon. W. DUER will accept our thanks for copies of several speeches delivered in the House of Representatives at Washington.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—The Sugar Refinery of Mr. Dennis Harris, in Duane street, was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last. Several persons were seriously injured, and two men killed, by the falling of a wall. We regret to learn that Mr. Harris's loss is very serious.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION IN MICHIGAN.—A bill embodying the principle of Homestead Exemption has passed both the Senate and House of the Michigan Legislature by a large vote. A farm of forty acres, or a town lot, is exempted by it from sale on execution, except upon mortgage; but no alienation of land by a married man is valid without the signature of his wife.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR has left an estate of from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars. It is all bequeathed to his family, excepting $400,000 which goes for the endowment of a public library in this city. Of this sum $75,000 are to be expended in the erection of a building in Astor Place, and $120,000 in the purchase of books. The balance is to be put at interest for the benefit of the Institution.

☞ We are obliged to omit the excellent letter of our esteemed Correspondent in Philadelphia, as well as several book notices, for want of room in this week's paper. Other communications on hand shall receive attention next week.

Foreign Correspondence.

The following letter was not intended for publication, but is not, on that account, any the less interesting or valuable. It was written by a young American,—an artist, studying in Paris, to his mother,—who has consented to its appearance in the Standard. We trust it may prove acceptable to our readers.

Letter from Paris.

PARIS, March 2d, 1848.

I will begin a letter to you which will be somewhat different from the tenor of my last; for since then I have witnessed a French Revolution—the triumph of the people—the King and Royal family driven fugitives into another country—and France a Republic.

The scenes which have attended these changes have been, in some cases, heart-rending and bloody, and often occurring but a few steps from my room.

The arbitrary measure of the Government in forbidding a public social meeting of the people merely for the purpose of discussing the politics of the country, added to other causes of complaint, has at last brought about a sad day for Louis Philippe and his Ministers. It has long been the cry, that the King had broken the charter which he swore to maintain on taking the throne given him by the people in 1830. And a similar "three days" has come about for *him*, as those which France experienced at the commencement of *his* glory.

The long-talked of day for the "banquets" arrived, and various were the opinions as to what would be the effect of their prohibition upon the disappointed people; but nothing serious was at all apprehended. It was on Tuesday, the 22d of February, that I took my usual walk, about nine in the morning, towards the Luxembourg, on the other side of the river. After passing through the Tuileries' Gardens, and coming out on the bridges beyond, I found the whole crowd of people going in the opposite direction, and towards the Place de la Concorde. Seeing at once that there would at least be a large concourse of people there, I at first hesitated, and half turned back to join the throng. But, then, knowing that it would be some time before any particular plan of the crowd could be effected, I continued on, and painted perhaps two hours at the Luxembourg.

On returning home by the Tuileries I found the Place de la Concorde filled with people of all descriptions, down to the lowest of a Parisian populace. The centre and the approach to the Chamber of Deputies was strongly guarded by a close body of soldiers, mounted and on foot. There was much talking, and some disposition to riotous conduct, but they were still kept in subjection by the warlike front of line after line of the National and Municipal Guards.

Several times, however, the people in the centre became so troublesome that a large party of heavily mounted dragoons would sweep round and clear a large space about the two beautiful fountains which adorn the Place. This would scatter the crowd somewhat, and taking advantage of it, the soldiers would advance little by little, till reaching the Rue Royal, at the head of which I happened to be, the crowd were suddenly driven into it by some of the horsemen and foot soldiers, who were obliged to use the butt end of their guns to keep the people back. All this only animated the riotous spirit of the men and boys about me, and after escaping the first rush by getting in a doorway, I made the best of my way home, feeling now that the matter would not end here.

I was not long in my room ere I was called to my window by a mounted cavalier, dashing down the street for some trouble below. Soon came a party of men in blue blouses, armed with crow-bars, shovels, clubs, and sticks, who went a few doors below, attacked, and broke open a gun shop, and robbed it of every weapon they found there.

I again went out, and passing through several streets found every store closed and every window filled with people, all eager to know the progress of the turmoil. Coming to a broad part of one of the principal streets, I found the mob too thick to pass through with safety. They were smashing all the street lanterns and tearing up the pavement. A city carriage came along; they seized it, took out the horse, ordered the driver down, upset the cab, tore out the cushions, and dragged it off to make a barricade across the street.

In the meantime things grew serious in the Place de la Concorde. The troops, in gaining possession of the Place, had been obliged to fight the people; and once the mounted Municipals had charged upon them in the Champs Elysees, and killed a few of them in a desperate encounter. Returning through the same street where I had seen the cab overthrown, just at dusk, a dreary scene broke upon me. Every shutter in the street was closed; all the lanterns broken; barricades of every nameable thing from a carriage to a guard-house, with heaps of the paving stones, each a foot square, obstructed at intervals, and guarded the entrances to the street; and ruffian-looking fellows running about or assembling in groups, rubbing up old rusty swords and guns—seemed impatient for action. Hurrying from a quarter which begun to grow a little disagreeable, I came down towards the centre of the city, and soon met a strong body of Dragoons and Carabiniers advancing up the street, followed by a company of foot soldiers. They were splendid looking fellows, and I could not but feel thankful for the protection to the city they seemed to promise. They came to a full halt when they approached the first barricade, and waited for soldiers of the line to go forward and remove the obstruction. The blouse men scampered at sight of them round the corners of the streets.

It was now evening; the soldiers had possession of the Place de la Concorde; a gleam of brilliant helmets told the strong force that guarded the entrance and prevented the people from assembling in overpowering numbers within.

The next point of attraction to the mob was Guizot's house, on the Boulevards. For a long way above and below it were a double phalanx of Dragoons, Municipals, and Carabiniers, with soldiers of the line. They stood like statues, but ready armed and with eagle eye, watching every movement of the enemy. Indeed it was a noble sight, and there seemed to be a strength and security there that no power could overcome. But not so, as the morrow and the next day proved. All night, and the next day, and the following night they stood there. The entrance to Guizot's house was guarded by a forest of bayonets. The mob were all over the city. Notwithstanding the tumult I went to a small soiree but a few steps off, and on returning, about 12 o'clock, heard a volley of guns in the stillness of the night, for they were fighting at the barriers. Thus closes the first day.

THE SECOND DAY rose bright and clear over troubled Paris. The drums beat the rappell to call out the National Guard, reluctant many of them to appear, for they were of the people, and thought too much with them to fight against them; for they also had homes and families to guard, and had the peace of Paris too much at heart. Everything assumed the aspect of war, and of civil war. The Place de la Concorde and the beautiful Champs Elysees were converted into bivouacs for the horses and soldiers, and truly it was a picturesque sight. Strict guard was kept all over the city; patrols of the mounted guards traversed the streets every hour of the day; and intelligence was spread, at different times, of skirmishes in some distant part of the city, and always with accounts of some killed and wounded.

But the day wore on, and with the bright sun the aspect of the city waxed calmer. The welcome news was spread abroad that Guizot had resigned; he whose name had rung all over the city with the cry—"*Down with Guizot!*" "*Down with the ministers!*" Added to this, about 3 p. m. the National Guards went over to the people, and "*Vive la Reform,*" was sent back in shouts from the one to the other. The Boulevards presented, at once, more of a Gala day than the late scenes had given reason to expect, as the mob cheered and the National Guard answered. But there were other guards to check them; and of these were the Municipal Guard of strong and tried soldiers, sworn to kill and conquer even though it should be a friend or brother. Established in 1830, the greatest confidence was placed in them. They were large, powerful men, and nobly mounted. Still it was a great change in favour of the people, the turning of the National Guard—and in the evening the city was partially illuminated. Every one thought the troubles were over, and the people satisfied by Guizot's resignation. I was out till nine o'clock that evening, and the only hostile demonstration I saw any where, was that of people in a torchlight procession who thrust their torches at a cavalcade of troops, who made, however, no attempt at retaliation.

But on *Thursday, the third day*, came in the morning the tidings of horrid slaughter, a few minutes after I had come in the night before, but half a quarter of a mile from my room, and near Guizot's house. The Guards had fired upon the people with no warning; and people passing, merely spectators, apprehending nothing, (I had been there myself but a few minutes before,) fell dead or wounded upon the pavement. Ladies were there. One walking with a gentleman was shot by a bullet in the throat, and fell dead on the spot. The dead lay about in heaps, and blood stood in pools the next morning as I passed.

There are various causes assigned for this sudden firing. It is said a soldier in the ranks discharged his gun accidently, breaking the leg of the colonel's horse, who, irritated at the continued and more provoking annoyances of the torch-bearers, and not knowing that it was one of his own soldiers, gave the order to fire without delay. This was too much to bear. The exasperated people cried, "Vengeance! vengeance!" The tocsin rang from all the churches—"To arms! to arms!" Old men wept

tide set that way. I proposed to my companions to approach nearer it, as I had some curiosity to see how it was guarded. On my way I found every street walled up with paving-stones, to prevent the advance of the cavalry towards the palace. Just as I reached the Palace two active engagements commenced less than a quarter of a mile each side of me. One was the taking of a guard-house in the Place de la Concorde, with desperate fighting, and many of the Municipal Guard killed. The other was the most desperate and bloody scene of the three days. It was the storming of the Palais Royal, the King's private property, and was the last engagement with the Municipal Guard, who endeavoured here to cut off the approach to the Tuileries. Many were killed, and the guard-house completely riddled with bullets. In the meantime Louis Philippe sent forth his abdication in favour of the young Count de Paris, and his mother, the Duchess d'Orleans, to act as regent. But it was too late; the people had conquered; they took the Tuileries without resistance; and the King and family had but just time to escape. The noble Municipal Guard were entirely routed, and with great loss; and were obliged to conceal themselves. They wept like children; and though they made allowances for the fury of a mob, yet they said they followed their duty, and only obeyed orders. One said all he wished for now, was to find his faithful horse, which was his own. The few that remain have disguised themselves, and are enrolling themselves in the army.

I did not remain out after these two engagements commenced, as the streets in my immediate neighbourhood were dangerous. But the mob now had possession of the Palace of the Tuileries. They rushed through the halls, smashing the heavy glass chandeliers and windows on every side, until they came to the Reception Halls and Throne Room, where every picture or statue of Louis Philippe became a mark for their bullets, and were broken and torn from their places. They tore down the rich velvet linings of the throne, and wrote republican and reform mottoes on the bare walls. They took the Throne Chair, and bore it in triumph through the streets to the Column of July 29, 1840, [on the site of the Bastile,] and there burned it.

Little trophies were stolen—such as small bronze busts and books; and I met several men with bouquets of flowers stuck on the ends of their bayonets. Private rooms were invaded; rich dresses of damask, velvet, and lace were thrown from the windows and trampled in the mud.

They climbed out on the roof and fired salutes from the top with their muskets. I saw a party of fellows promenading, guns in hand, on one of the upper balconies, dressed out in rich maroon-coloured velvet mantillas and shawls, and cloaks trimmed with ermine; and one wore a delicate straw coloured bonnet, trimmed with black lace; and the others had on bonnets also, but of different materials. The scene was one of riotous confusion, and the crowd dangerous for life or limb. Toward night a little order was preserved about the Palace, and death proclaimed everywhere to any one who took anything away from the Halls, and a thorough search was made of each person coming out. In the evening a large bonfire was made beneath the windows of the furniture, clothing, and every combustible thing to be found inside. Beautiful pianos were tossed out into the flames, which burned up high above the Palace, fed with this wanton waste of valuable property. The Duchess d'Orleans' apartments, however, the mob carefully refrained from, or they were prevented, entering. To-day, 300,000 francs' worth of jewels belonging to her, have been found in them. All these things are confiscated for the use of the present Government; and the Royal family will, probably, never see a single article once in their possession. All the valuables of each member of the family, is taken to the Mayor of each city ward.

Yesterday, the private summer residence of the King, the Chateau, at Neuilly, was entered by a band of a hundred or more ruffians, who broke open the wine cellars, got drunk upon the wine, fell upon and killed each other with the broken bottles, and lay drunk and dead, weltering in the wine and their own blood. The Chateau was fired, and the dead and living buried in its ruins. Nothing was saved. A valuable library was burned, and the worth of millions of francs lost.

Every night since the victory the city has been illuminated, many houses doing so for safety, the mob threatening to break the windows of those who would not make this demonstration in their favour.

On all sides I hear that the King thought nothing of the riots at first. On the night before the abdication, the Duc de Montpensier conferred with the King, representing the alarming prospect around them, and told him it was absolutely necessary to abdicate. It decided the King; and the proclamation of his decision was spread abroad about ten in the morning, only an hour before the storming of the Palace. It had no effect on the people; they were already determined.

The Royal family left the Palace by the Tuileries Gardens. Guarded by a strong body of mounted soldiers, they came to the head of the bridge leading to the Chamber of Deputies, and at the head of the Place de la Concorde. They stopped a moment, when the crowd seemed to recognize the party, but the Queen, seizing the King by the arm, drew him towards a city *voiture* standing near, into which he entered, and this, with another carriage, started off at a rapid rate along the Quay of the river, attended by the cavalcade. They drove at a furious rate, the people in the streets flying in all directions, and over the walls to escape the rapid advance of the party who took up the whole road. An officer waved at the head a white handkerchief, exclaiming, "All is over! make way, people!" and on they went at the same rate, as far as St. Cloud, the horses sometimes falling with their riders in the mêlee. Resting a short time, they dashed on to Versailles, where the guard left them. That night they arrived at Dreux, the old burying place of the family, at about 11 o'clock, fatigued and hungry. After some difficulty refreshment was obtained for them, and early the next morning they were off on their route again. At one place on the way they came near being cut off. Some workmen turned out to seize the King. He only escaped by the carriage turning back and going down an unfrequented street. To-day there is a rumor that he had arrived in England, after some days concealment at Havre.

At the same time the King left the Tuileries the Duchess d'Orleans, with her two children, attended by the Duke de Nemours, went to the Chamber of Deputies to make a last effort in favour of her son, the Count de Paris. She stood pale and motionless, her two boys each side of her, and endeavouring to speak, but the crowd would not allow it. Great disorder immediately ensued, and bullets were fired into a picture of "Louis Philippe, signing the Charter of 1830," which hung on one of the walls, and was a mark, over the heads of the assembly.

The riot increased, and the Deputies, surrounding the Duchess, hurried her from the Hall, but not without encountering a crowd of ruffians in taking her through a back corridor. She lost the Count de Paris in the crowd, but the young boy was rescued from the hands of an assassin, who, it is said, was about to strangle him. Every order was torn from the breast of the Duc de Nemours in the struggle, who throwing off his coat, and taking a paletot thrown to him by one of the Deputies, escaped with his life by jumping from one of the windows. That night the Duchess passed at the Hotel de Invalides—and was not again heard of, until her arrival in Germany, where she has just reached in safety, with her children, he little town of Emms, near the Rhine. The rest of he scattered Court has arrived in England. The King and Queen, so it is reported, reached there in a state o destitution, and were several times on the point of giving themselves up to the authorities in different places through which they passed. So little did he apprehend such a result to the threatened *emeute* of the 22d February, that he urged a gentleman from England, who breakfasted with him on Tuesday morning, to remain in Paris that day to see how easily he would q well a Parisian mob.

After the people had accompl sted all they wished to, they grew less riotous, and only s ttd in heir victory

Business and pleasure now go their accustomed rounds.—Carriages once more venture out and whirl through the streets. There is nothing to remind one of the great change except the marks of violence not yet repaired, and some little changes in public squares. Everything connected with the Court is abolished. Everything dedicated to the Royal family is altered. The name of Royalty is blotted out. A bronze statue of the Duc d'Orleans is taken down, and the pedestal inscribed as a monument for those who have died for their country. LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY, is written on every public building, and the peace that reigns over the city proves that it was not a revolution for plunder and secrelege but for principle. I was coming up the Boulevards just at sunset on Friday the fourth day, when the courier came from the Hotel de Ville, proclaiming the Republic in an address from the Provisonal Government. "*Vive la Republique! Vive la Republique!*" was shouted on every side. The scene was animated in the extreme. A cloud seemed swept away from over the city, and the bright contrast to the late scenes made every heart glad.

The last offices for the dead have been performed over the bodies of the killed in a splendid pageant of all the military, citizens, and associations of the city, with a triumphal car to Liberty. The Madeleine Church was hung, inside and out, in mourning. The bodies lay in state inside, from whence they were taken to the Column of July 29, and buried, the tri-colour—which is still the National standard—floating about them in all directions as they were borne in procession to be buried under it.

To-day I have been with the Americans to the Hotel de Ville, where an address was delivered to the Provisional Government, and answered by M. Arago. The American, combined with the French flag, was also presented. It was a present to the meeting by Mrs. Wickliffe, of Kentucky.

Many of the above particulars, of various scenes,—such as that in the Chamber of Deputies, at the Palace, &c. to which I was not myself a witness, I have gathered from those who were. I was told yesterday, by a gentleman who was out all of Wednesday night, after the fatal firing on the Boulevards, that no one could judge, who had not seen it, the exasperation of the people. They beat upon the doors of the houses, crying, "*To arms!*" and "*Vengeance!*". They tore up the pavement like madmen, and built the formidable barricades that filled the streets next morning. Many of the inhabitants were much frightened, and all the English were going to leave, but could not get away last week, as the railroads were torn up just out of the city. I have not given you half the detail of the scenes that have occurred during the last week, but you must be wearied with what I have already given you, and I must send this morning. I forgot to mention above, that I met Mr. Colman at the meeting of the Americans. He gave me a very pleasant greeting. I had not before been able to find him out. The meeting was a very respectable show of our countrymen, and numbered 272.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

The writer comments on the French Revolution.—Contrasts the French and "Model" Republics.—Wild proposition to the American Clergy.—A tour to Connaught.—Barony of Erris.—Character of that district.—Irish phrase relative thereto—but not common among Friends. Shocking condition of the people.—A terrible fact.—A dead man.—Deserted villages.—A wretch of a landlord.—An old woman's shelter.—The changes worked in three years.—Determination of the people to hold their land tenures.—Instance of it.—Apathy of great landlords.—Condition of middlemen.—The priests of Connaught.—A dead woman.—Probable extermination of the people.—All Ireland not as Connaught.—Maria Edgeworth.

DUBLIN, March 8th, 1848.

MY DEAR GAY:—Wonderful news flies so fast that it is ten to one, but you have already heard all about this last French revolution that was begun and ended in a week—how Louis Philippe, with all his family, had to scamper out of France—how a Provisional Government is installed at Paris—how Lamartine and Arago, names known throughout the world, are amongst its members, and that for President, they have got Dupont de l'Eure, a man of eighty, and a member of the National Convention in 1792—how they conduct themselves with such wisdom and moderation that everybody is astonished, and a vast number delighted—how all organs of public opinion in England that are deserving of the least respect, appear disposed to give them a fair trial before pronouncing judgment—how Louis Philippe and his Queen have taken the title of Count and Countess de Neuilly, and are now only privates, like you and me, though I believe a great deal richer—how the Provisional Government have abolished the Chamber of Peers, (aye, and the Chamber of Deputies, which required to be abolished, at least as badly,) and last, though by no means least, how they have taken steps, like honest and consistent men, for the immediate abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies; for they consider this portion of patriarchal polity, whatever General McDuffie may say to the contrary, by no means the corner-stone of *their* republican edifice. Calhoun (although he may condemn the decision of these French sages) must admit that there is no disputing about tastes, and he probably thinks that if they would only make him President of the new Republic, he could set them about a wiser way of managing matters. But, seriously, this is a grand conclusion they have come to about Slavery, which might have lingered on for many years under the fostering care of the wily old King and his unscrupulous Minister. I hope you will take care to make the decree as public as possible. I send you a paper containing a copy of it. If anything could shame America, (but I greatly fear nothing can,) this would.—Brother Jonathan's conscience has become seared with a hot iron to such a degree, that it is actually crisped to a cinder. In a Methodist Magazine I met with to-day, I read of an American Sunday School teacher, who laboured to such purpose that he could reckon among his former scholars 106 church members, and 10 students for the ministry. I could not help wishing that your ministers generally, of whom I hear there are some 30,000, had inculcated common honesty, common sense, and common humanity, to the same good purpose among their hearers—for of course the 106 were all practical as well as theoretical Christians. If they had done so, the prospects of the world would be much more hopeful than they are at present; we should never have heard of this Mexican war; and people, while discussing the probable course of the Republic at our doors, would not point, as they now do, to the example of public corruption and profligate ambition presented so unmistakeably by "the Model Republic" on your side of the ocean. However, lest I grow prosy on this topic, I'll stop. But I hope you will make the most of the French proclamation. If the people of the North love liberty, they will have it read aloud on Sunday in all the meeting houses.

Will you tell Wendell Phillips when you see him next, or if you write it will do as well, that I got his letter, and was glad to see the sign of his handwriting once more. I will attend to his suggestion; which, however, will not be an easy matter to carry out according to his wishes. This, you will perceive, is all heathen Greek to you. But, if you have patience, in the course of time you will probably know all about it.

Since my last letter to you, I have been engaged on a tour of inspection in some of the same miserable parts of Ireland that I visited last year; and, as on that journey, on behalf of the Relief Association of the Society of Friends, which has been indefatigable since the commencement of the famine, not only in concerting means for the alleviation of the distress, but in putting them into prompt and vigorous action. My dear fellow, you may have *read* of distress, famine, destitution, and starvation, but you can have no idea of what they really are until you see them as I have done, in full operation upon the population of a whole country-side. You can't have a notion of the extremities to which actual want of food will drive people. My chief attention was paid to the barony of Erris, the Northwestern corner of the province Connaught—just next door to America—the most primitive, the least civilized, the wildest, and the poorest part of Ireland. Until within the last ten years public attention had never been directed to it. It was a sort of Terra Incognita, an Ultima Thule, an uttermost end of the earth. When I was a child I often read in the Bible of "the ends of the earth," and the notion I formed of them was, that they consisted of black, wet, dreary bogs, without trees or verdure, and with clouds resting upon them. Now, this description is pretty nearly applicable to Erris. Bogs to no end, not a tree, and clouds and mist in the most plentiful superfluity. We have a phrase in Ireland—not much used, however, by members of our Society—"To Hell or Connaught." It is said to have been used in old times, when the English invaders, driving the Irish from their own possessions, gave them this most disagreeable alternative. Unpleasant as the selection was, many chose the latter horn of the dilemma. They were nearer home, and the heat was not so oppressive. Previous to the famine, Erris, which is about thirty miles long by fifteen wide, contained about thirty thousand inhabitants. These all spoke Irish—a totally different language from English, resembling it no more than I do the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. They lived in miserable huts of sods and stones; the roof of straw, held on by stones to keep the wind from blowing it off; the floor of earth; a manure heap before the door, and sometimes at the very entrance of the cabin. The people lived on potatoes for nine-tenths of the year. They generally had pigs, sometimes sheep and cattle, and not unfrequently horses. These fed upon the mountain pastures in summer, and in winter on the little stock of oats and potatoes by which "the rest of the family" was maintained. The potato was here, indeed, the staff of life. When it was gone, grim Famine stared them in the face, and terrible work he has made with them. It is calculated by competent judges, that one-half the population has already disappeared. Shocking spectacles you would see here; men with wasted forms and withered faces, discoloured to a yellowish hue by the fair dint of hunger; children with wretched little monkey faces, and limbs as shapeless and as thin as drumsticks. You never saw the like in all your days, and I hope you never may. It is a fact I heard so often, that I cannot doubt its truth, that in many cases the parents have become so hardened by a long continuance of extreme distress and starvation, that they are not to be trusted with the food intended for their own children. Many persons have assured me, that in distributing cooked food, they have found it necessary to feed the children apart from their parents, in order to save them from perishing of hunger. I certainly saw the worst cases of excessive emaciation among the young children, who were too feeble to take their own part, or to help themselves. One day, whilst visiting a place called Barrack, on the Mullet, (a peninsula on the West coast of Erris, and the scene of an enormous amount of misery and disease—a perfect Golgotha,) I asked one of the Coastguard (who are placed there, and along the whole coast of the three kingdoms, for the prevention of smuggling) whether any deaths from starvation had lately occurred in that locality? He brought me into a neighbouring cabin, and there I saw a wretched object, who had just been found lying dead on the strand behind the village. The face was worn, the eyes hollow, the hips prominent, (as in a skeleton,) and the ribs easily counted. The poor man who found him on the strand, carried him into his own cabin, and had him laid out in the room that was occupied by his own wife and children. As no Government provision is made for the burial of paupers, many of those who perish are indebted for the rites of burial to the good offices of the poor.

About three miles from this place, I visited the ruins of two villages, called Mullaghrue and Clogher, which have been recently dismantled by the landlord, a Dublin Attorney, named Walsh, for non-payment of rent, and the inhabitants, about four hundred in number, sent houseless and homeless on the world. I never saw a greater scene of devastation than was there exhibited. Many of the articles of household furniture are left among the ruins, such as tables, dressers, culinary utensils, &c. In consequence of the number who have died, or have emigrated, or have been obliged to go into the poor-house, their little marks of decency are too numerous to find owners, and have become a glut upon the country. Still it is dismal to see them. I saw a shed of boards raised against the walls of a deserted farm house in this neighbourhood. It was about thirty inches high in the highest part, and was covered with loose straw. A very aged woman had put it up as a defence against the weather. She was one of the ejected tenants. Her asylum was not a fit shelter for a pig. It would not have been thought so by any decent farmer. These poor houseless people crowd into the neighbouring villages and fill them with fever and dysentery. During my visit, disease was extremely prevalent, and the fever was of a very malignant character. Many deaths took place during my stay, and all who mingled much with the poor, might be said to carry their lives in their hands. Death had fearfully thinned the population, and sometimes exterminated whole families since my visit in 1847. All who depend upon the soil for their maintenance, whether as tenants or landlords, have led a miserable soul-sinking existence in that interval. All who have no store to fall back upon for a rainy day, must suffer extremely. I can't imagine how they keep body and soul together, except by selling their furniture and anything they have, by which money can be raised. There is, probably, not one pig, sheep, or cow, in Erris, for fifty that might have been counted three years ago. This district was formerly the great nursery of cattle for the rest of the country; for the "natives," being primitive and indolent in their habits, found the rearing of cattle on their extensive mountain pastures, a more easy and congenial occupation than those which require more steady application. If the people had been habituated to energetic industry, they could not have melted away as they have done, like snow before the sun. They have made no battle for their lives, and have presented no resistance to the progress of pinching destitution, except an extraordinary degree of endurance, sometimes accompanied by unscrupulous lying, cunning, and knavery. The system of public relief was I believe, unavoidable under the unprecedented circumstances of the country, but it has been productive of deplorable demoralization. Perhaps there is no part of the known world, in which thieving and lying are more frequent than in this same wretched corner. If any earnest attempt were made to civilize the people by educating the children effectually, you would soon see how John McHale, "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, would bristle up his mane.

The people, in many instances, cannot be induced to give up their little tenures of land, though they are rarely able to cultivate them. An intelligent and credible witness, told me he knew of cases in which the heads of families had so effectually buried potatoes intended for seed, that they could not be discovered; and that they had actually allowed members of their families to perish of want, and had suffered the sorest extremities of hunger themselves, sooner than reveal the cherished hoard.

In this part of Ireland great landholders are very scarce. Some of the landlords are extremely poor, and can do nothing for their tenants. Like the tenants, they always lived from hand to mouth, and now they have nothing "to the fore." Those landlords who are wealthy, will do nothing for the people. They never come near the county, living in other parts of Ireland, and excusing themselves for their apathy, on the plea, that the rents they cannot collect may be considered as ample sacrifice on their parts. They leave to others the task of keeping their people alive, and give themselves no trouble about the matter. Under the great landlords there are many petty ones, who still hold considerable tracts on which they live, having under-tenants whose rents used to form their income. As no rents can be paid under present circumstances it may be concluded that these are very badly off. Some of these middlemen have lost a great number of their tenants since the famine; their lands are thrown upon their hands; they have no means to pay for its culture, they are too lazy and too proud to attempt it themselves, and from having been in possession of an income of from £300 to £500 a year, are now hardly able to keep body and soul together. I know some who have been actually forced to think of entering the poor-house along with the most wretched of paupers. Not twenty years ago, all classes here entered with spirit into the practices of wrecking, smuggling, and illicit distillation, for which this district was famous, and which, for want of roads and ready means of communication, it was quite out of the power of the Government to prevent.—In fact, this country, at that time, was nearly in the state in which the Scottish Highlands are represented to have been in the early part of last century. Roads are of comparatively recent introduction. A great part of Erris had no roads fifteen years ago.

There is a prodigious contrast between the part of Ireland east and that which lies west of the Shannon. This latter part is principally occupied by the province of Connaught. The land is poor, the people speak Irish, they are ignorant, miserable, and semi-civilized, as to any progress in the arts of life. Their cabins are no better than the wigwams of the Red Indians, or the Hottentot's Kraals. Their habits are uncleanly, and their heads crammed with the most absurd and sometimes the most degrading superstitions. In Erris, at least, many of their priests are notorious drunkards—and in some instances, worse than drunkards, licentious, and more disposed to take good care of themselves than to distribute the means placed in their hands for the good of the poor. One priest, whose abominable avarice I described in a former letter, cleared off out of the country shortly after my first visit. *Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.* I suppose his parish became too hot to hold him, for he was cordially hated by his miserable flock. He was priest of Ballycroy, and his name was Walsh. I can imagine no human being more contemptible than a professed minister of the Gospel under such circumstances—a wolf in sheep's clothing—skinning the flock.

Since my former visit great efforts have been made for the relief of the poor, by distributing food, by extra assistance to the sick and convalescent, by the encouragement of fisheries, and by donations of large quantities of seed which the people were unable to purchase. Attempts have been made by Archbishop McHale and others of his craft, to throw discredit upon these efforts, by representing them as intended to bribe the people from their ancient faith. These imputations, I do not doubt, have had their origin in a jealousy lest the affections of the people should be weaned from their "spiritual" guides, who, in this district at least, have made no such efforts on their behalf. They have taken more care of the fleece than of the sheep. No change of creed could injure a people so ignorant, so grossly superstitious, so depraved, and so miserable. You will observe that in speaking of the condition of the inhabitants of this part of Ireland, I speak of what I know. I do not answer for other parts which I have not had the same opportunities of knowing. An uglier country than this same unfortunate barony of Erris, (all the Irish counties are divided into four or five or more baronies,) cannot well be conceived. It is, with few exceptions, a waste of wet, brown bog, and moorland, sometimes extending into level plains, half bog, half water, sometimes swelling into heavy masses of mountain. With the exception of the grand north coast, with its tremendous precipices and cliffs, its caves, islands, and natural bridges, and the Ballycroy mountains to the South, (the retreat of a few lingering specimens of the great Red Deer,) there is probably not in Ireland a tract of country of equal extent having inferior claims to natural beauty.

Besides the famished man of whom I told you, I saw, one day, by the roadside, lying in a dirty hack sheet or quilt, the body of a woman who had just been found dead in the fields. The face was shockingly distorted, as if the corpse had laid some weeks in the grave—the legs were bare, and so was the head, and the hair all matted and dishevelled. I never saw the human form under such revolting circumstances. The body was taken up by four men—one at each corner of the loathsome sheet—and carrried in this way to the graveyard, over some high sandhills, about two miles off. I followed it, and there saw it committed to the earth in a hole about two feet deep. These samples of what I saw, are but samples of the misery and destitution that prevail in this miserable district, and in a few other tracts along the west coast of Ireland, where the people are wretchedly poor, the land generally unproductive, the gentry few, the population large in proportion to the means of support, and too widely scattered over a wild and boggy country to be readily accessible for the distribution of relief among them. The Poor Law is in full operation, and out-door relief given to some, whilst the workhouses are open to others. Still, all that is done, all that can be readily done, is but sufficient to keep the people alive; and they have little pluck and energy to enable them to help themselves. They have no self-dependence—few mental resources. They must be looked to or they will die. If all their land were sown for them for one season, and if they could be supported while the seed was in the ground, they might be saved from extermination, but on no other terms that I can see.

When I arrived so far on my way home as Longford, on this side of the Shannon, and about seventy miles from Dublin, I felt as if I had reached a different country. The fields were green. I saw fine hedges and ditches, well-clad people, comfortable sheep and portly pigs. It was delightful to feel that all Ireland is not as Connaught is.

Seven miles nearer Dublin, at Edgeworthstown, I saw the residence of that friend of children, the venerable Maria Edgeworth. It was no small pleasure to me to see even the house of one so widely known, and so justly honoured wherever our language is spoken. Though in a very advanced age, she is still in the possession of good health, and all her faculties. She takes a lively interest in the alleviation of distress in Ireland; and it is not long since I saw a letter from her on this subject copied into an American paper.

But it is time for me in compassion to you to say, by way of ending this long one-sided conference, that I am,

Yours truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

Letter from London.

MY DEAR SIR:—Since my last communication strange events have transpired on this side of the wilderness of waters which separates us. A crown has been trampled in the dust, a sceptre has been snatched from the grasp of a monarch thought to be mighty, a throne has been overturned and a dynasty crushed. Who foretold this event? Who detected the faintest presage of its approach? It seems at this moment like a dream, a phantasm, a chimera! But it is a fact. Louis Philippe is dethroned, disgraced, and an exile in a foreign land.—His throne the flames have reduced to ashes which the winds have scattered like dust; his palace, once the scene of intrigue and of a deceptive pageantry, has become an hospital for invalids, an asylum for the destitute; his fortifications, his pride, his hope, failed him in the hour of his need; his plans are crossed, his policy is confounded and his expectations are blasted. Oh! with what emotions will despots gaze upon the ruins of this recent towering dynasty? With what forebodings will these events be regarded? Strangely and ominously they speak to tyants of whatever name, Monarchs, Oligarchs, Republics, Hierarchs, Democracies. Like the bound of an avalanche, like the rending of an earthquake, like the thunders of heaven, the Revolution in France has agitated Europe. What shall the end be? Who after such an unlooked for event shall dare to predict?

The future is big with changes of unspeakable interest to the well being of mankind. The French people—that tyrant-hating community—seem bent on giving the world assurance of a *Republic*. Attempts hitherto at such an object have proved a mere sham. Names have been changed, forms have been assumed, but the thing—despotism—has remained the same. There it is in the United States, the same ugly hateful spirit, though wearing another shape, which has swayed the old world for millenniums. Are we now to have a real republic, a genuine commonwealth? We are sick of names and delusions; let them call it what they may, we want the thing. The present moment is the crisis with France, as the moment which admitted the fatal compromise into the United States' Constitution was the crisis with America. Whilst the husbandman sleeps the enemy sows tares. With what a hellish grin must the devil have regarded the success of his tools in 1787. Who then would have imagined that such a preternatural and horrid brood were to be the fruit of that compromise with darkness, and agreement with hell? And whilst we look with profound admiration upon the movement in France, it becomes us to pray that those upon whom rests the tremendous responsibility of determining, instrumentally, the colour and complexions of future generations, may be gifted with a vision, so keen, so pure, that it shall flash into every crevice and corner of existing institutions, or proposed institutions,—that every thing which can engender tyranny, corruption, and death, may be purged from the institutions which are to be set up.

If one thing more than another refreshes us in contemplating the changes in France, it is the earnestness and candour with which every great reform is dealt with. How different from the unwilling, tortuous corrupt movements of the so-called Statesmen who, but yesterday stood at the helm of affairs in that country too closely imitated, alas! by the Statesmen of most civilized countries. How long, for example, would it have taken to liberate the heart broken bondsmen of the French colonies under the old regime? Witness the struggle with vested rights and class interests in our own country. Call to mind the pretences, chicanery, and falsehoods by which that great act of justice was sought to be superseded. As Mr. Garrison once said, two grains of common sense and a half grain of humanity would be a safer rule of legislation than all the disquisitions and calculations of the pseudo-sagacity of Statesmen. With more integrity in our lawmakers and law executive, with even less of ability, the world would roll on much happier.

The decision of the French to abolish Slavery cannot, I think, fail to expedite the cause in your country. The subject here in connection with the African squadron is exciting considerable interest at the present moment.—The people are perfectly ripe for abandoning the mad scheme of seeking to suppress the slave trade by an armed force. They are struck at once with its inability and expense; and it will be difficult if our Government are able to persist in it under the opposition which it is now encountering. If any change of importance take place in Spain, Slavery in Cuba must go next, and then with so near a neighbour, possessing such a vast coloured population, it will be troublesome work for your planters. On every hand doors are opening before the fugitive. The slaveholders and their partisans may daub over the apertures with untempered mortar, but the heat of public opinion will, to their mortification, make it crack again in a thousand places, and reveal afresh, only to a greater degree, the insecurity of their tenure of human property. When men persist in wrong doing after repeated warnings; when they seek to strengthen themselves in mischief, notwithstanding frequent opportunites of reformation, and the obviousness of their interests lying in the direction of right doing, there creeps over them a kind of irresistible consciousness that right must eventually prevail—a consciousness of a growing weakness—a consciousness that what they wont volunteer to do is being done by a silent, unseen, omnipotent influence which shall grind their works to powder.—Such is the experience of every slaveholder in the United States at this moment, and such is the experience of every despot throughout the earth. Whether you and I may live to see the emancipation of the negro, neither of us doubts of his eventual deliverance. Perhaps, however, the slaveholder would say the same thing, and cling to the system only because he hopes it may not take place in his lifetime. If so how cowardly, how injurious to his posterity. Grant that the manumission of his slave may involve temporary difficulty, it would be infinitely more noble to assume that difficulty, and outride it, than hand it down as a legacy to his children.—Where then is that generosity which some tell us burns in the bosom of the fine old Viginian planter? He often admits slaveholding, or Slavery rather, to be an evil; professes to desire its extinction; yet shrinks from the task of removing it and by a sort of vague and idiotic indecision leaves it to be dealt with by chance. I should not forget however that corrupt men could not prosecute their objects so successfully and protractedly if good men were as earnest as they ought to be. But we live in a world of mockery and sham; it begins with our cradle; grows with our youth; is confirmed with our prime; and hardens with old age. The evil is instilled in infancy and is installed in the ethics of our preceptors; and so unless all reformers, all good men, go for radical changes we shall only transpose, not banish it.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours truly,

R. SMITH.

35, *Downham Road, Islington,*
March 10th, 1848.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Love her Still; The Laurel Wreath—To Woman. *Miscellany:* Do Ghosts Appear; Arrival of the ex-King and Queen of the French, and M. Guizot, in England; Letter from John Adams; Descendants of Martin Luther; The Papal Rescript; Circular of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Diplomatic Agents of the French Republic; Professor Nichol in America.

FIRST PAGE.—Speech of Daniel Webster.

Married.

In New Bedford, (Mass.) 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Wildes, Lieut. CHARLES HUNTER, United States Navy, of Newport, L. I. to MARY STOCKTON, daughter of William R. Roteh, of that city.

Died.

In this city on Wednesday, 29th, ultimo, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, in the 85th year of his age.

In Boston, 14th ultimo, ORIGEN BACHELER, aged 48 years, formerly of Providence, R. I.

At Pennington, Chester county, Pa. at the house of her son-in-law, Dr. B. Fussell, REBECCA CHURCHMAN, widow of Edward Churchman, in the 83d year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 17th of February, at the age of 27, on board ship, off Palermo, ANNA, the wife of John Church Backhouse, of Blackwell, near Darlington, England, and only daughter of the late Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham, near Norwich, England.

On the 11th instant, in Cobourg, U. C. [illegible], a coloured man, aged about 104 or 105 years. Mr. York was born in Guinea, and was seized and sold as a slave in New York. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war his master came into Canada, and Mr. Y. was for several years held a slave in this Province.—At the time Prince Wm. Henry was in Montreal, Mr. Y. headed a number of coloured persons who applied to the Prince to know if they were rightfully held in bondage. He replied, they were not, and that he would represent their case to the King, his father, on his return; which he did, though Mr. Y. was held in slavery seven years longer. He was at one time a follower of Gen. Burgoyne's army.—*Provincialist.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from March 13, to April 2, 1848.

416	Wm. Robinson, Pulaski, Pa	$1 00
450	John Knox, "	1 00
456	E. Buckingham, Trenton, N Y	1 00
450	H. Gilpin, Wilmington, O	1 00
419	Allen Drew, Hallowell, Me	1 00
446	Nathan Sawyer, Hennsiker, N H	1 00
458	Dr. Josiah Brown, Wilmington, Mass	1 00
451	Wm. Pope, Jr. Boston, Mass	1 00
423	Mrs. E. M. Sturgis, Roxbury, Mass	1 00
409	C. W. Mellen, Canton, Mass	25
406	Dr. O. Bartlett, Concord, Mass	25
458	A. W. Weston, Weymouth, Mass	1 00
448	Weymouth A. S. Society,	2 00
408	B. F. Diggs, Winchester, Pa	25
431	Phebe Whipple, Oakland, O	1 00
458	Lucius Bartholomew, Ballston Spa, N Y	1 00
458	Cornelius Dubois, "	1 00
458	John Grant, "	1 00
458	John Dubois, West Troy, N Y	1 00
458	Wm. Jones, West Greenfield, N Y	1 00
458	David H. Young, "	1 00
458	Thos. M. Peters, Visscher's Ferry, N Y	1 00
420	O. Morse, Leominster, Mass	1 00
467	Fred. K. A. Ware, Wrentham, Mass	1 00
451	S. Rushmore, North Hempstead, N Y	1 00
449	James Dunkle, South Merrimack, N H	1 00
464	Lyman D. Hurd, Nashua, N H	50
435	C. Bramhall, Boston, Mass	1 00
381	M. B. Johnson, Lynn, Mass	1 00
458	G. Iden, Sherwood's Corners, N Y	1 00
443	A. Gilbert, West Brookfield, Mass	1 00
407	R. L. Pound, Marengo, N Y	15
	W. E. Payne, Bath, Me (in full)	2 00
454	Thomas H. Donnell "	1 00
454	S. F. Dyke, "	1 00
530	J. B. Swanton, Jr. "	1 00
	Isaac Hale, Providence, R I	1 00
458	J. B. Swanton, Dresden, Me	1 00
381	D. H. Abbot, Hingham, Mass	1 00
		30 25

DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

Samuel May, Jr. (balance pledge)	10 00
Massachusetts A. S. Society,	500 00
Eliza F. Merriam, Mass	25 00
Nathaniel Barney, Nantucket, Mass	25 00
	560 25
Total,	$590 25

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treas.

☞ NOTICE.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted*; but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which each subscriber has paid precedes his name.

NOTICES.

☞ NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS! ☜

FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY
Of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will be held in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK, on TUESDAY, THE NINTH DAY OF MAY, at ten o'clock, A. M.

The present aspect of public affairs in this country, should make this meeting one of more than usual importance and interest. The Southern boundary of AMERICAN SLAVERY, which, since this Society was formed, has been removed from the SABINE to the NUECES, it is now proposed by its guardians to remove still farther into the free territory of a sister Republic. We have little reason to expect a more favourable termination to the two years' war waged, at an enormous expense of blood and treasure, for the sole purpose of extending the worst system of human bondage by conquest. Whether the ABOLITIONISTS of the country can arrest the perpetration of this STUPENDOUS NATIONAL CRIME, or NOT, it is no less their duty to make the effort. The last PUBLIC PROTEST they may have the opportunity to record against it, should be earnest and unanimous.

The necessity of the moment should also remind us of how much of the work is still to be done, which this Society, fourteen years ago, resolved to do. Since its formation, Slavery has not been abolished in a single State of the Union. A MILLION more of our countrymen have been born to the lot of slaves. But that this Society and its auxiliaries, have aroused, to a certain degree, a universal Anti-Slavery sentiment at the North, and have made the topic one of absorbing interest throughout the country, is the best evidence of the wisdom of their measures, and should be the strongest incentive to still more strenuous, and self-denying toil.

The old and tried friends of the cause, and those who have been but recently aroused to the necessity of the overthrow of the felon system of AMERICAN SLAVERY, are urged to make of this meeting a GRAND RALLY FOR FREEDOM.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Pres't.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, S. H. GAY, } Secretaries.

Advertisements.

New Goods,
AT THE
FREE PRODUCE STORE,
JUST RECEIVED.

GENERAL REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Fine 4-4 Prints, various, styles.
New styles of Prints of medium quality, usual width.
Fine and wide Paper Muslins. Also Coloured Cambrics.
Curtain Calico. Superior fine Chintz Umbrellas. Oil Cloths.
Satinets, good and cheap. Also on hand, mostly at reduced prices, Ginghams, various qualities and styles.
Fine and heavy Shirting, Sheeting, and Pillow Muslins.
Striped Cambrics. Fine 6-4 Plaid Muslin.
Muslin de Lain, plain and neatly figured, all wool.
Linens, warranted free from cotton.
Flannels 4-4 good and price low. Canton flannels, white and coloured.
Table Diaper and Cloths, of different styles.
Apron and Furniture Check. Cotton Handkerchiefs.
Cotton Twilled Pantaloon Stuffs. Also Linen Drilling, &c.
Long and

Poetry.

From Jerrold's Magazine.

LOVE HER STILL.

BY T. WHEETWOOD.

Love her still!
She hath fallen very low,
Thou who knew'st her long ago,
Little, little canst thou see
Of her girlhood's purity,
But though Sin hath shown its trace
On her once sweet happy face,
And that innocent maiden brow,
Droopeth in dark shadow now—
Though life's glory all had fled,
And life's shame is hers instead,
Love her still!

Love her!—let no harsh, cold word,
Man, from lips like thine be heard;
Woman, with no lifted eye
Mock thou her deep misery—
Weep ye—tears, give tears alone,
To our world-forsaken one.
Love her still!

Love her!—let her feel your love—
Summer showers that fall above
Fainting blossoms, leave with them
Freshened leaf and straightened stem;
Sunshine oft doth give to flowers
Bloom, the bitter storm hath ta'en;
And this human love of ours,
By the world's poor faded flowers,
May be found as dear a boon
As God's blessed rain and sun,
To restore their native hue,
And their native fragrance too.
Love her still!

Gather round her, weep and pray—
Clasp her, lead her from the way
She doth journey—tenderly,
Waiteth her with sweet release
From life's heart-ache; so once more
In her breast the hopes of yore
May be lit—that blessed hope,
That with earthly sin doth cope,
Earthly sin and earthly shame,
Till all earth is but a name,
And the rescued soul is given
With its treasure unto Heaven.

O! bethink ye of the bliss
That will fill your hearts for this;
Loving friends, what time ye see
Shadow after shadow flee
From her pale sad face—what time
Soaring in a thought sublime,
Ye shall know the while ye pray,
To his angels God doth say,
Love her still!

From the Literary World.

THE LAUREL WREATH—TO WOMAN.

Must the warm beating heart be crushed
Ere richest odours may be breathed?
Joy's gladsome notes in woe be hushed?
The brow grow pale ere 'tis enwreathed
Doth grief alone call forth the lay
For which the world entwines the bay?

Look at a Hemans' lonely part!
How sadly, mournfully each line
Doth tell the deep void of the heart;
Its yearnings ever to entwine
Fresh tendrils round some faithful stem,
And form for *it* a diadem.

Glance at a Landon! meeting death
In awful and forbidden form,
When she had found her orange wreath
Might not defy a tropic storm;
And this because the heart too long
Had borne the burden lone of song.

Gaze on a Norton! drop by drop,
Distilling balm of bitterest herb;
Strewn too by one whose oath to prop
Grew into purpose to disturb;
A childless mother, in her pain,
Crying, resigned, "God doth remain!"

Oh dear bought triumph! ask it not
Ye who in lowly peace may dwell!
Oh be content with your sweet lot
Nor long to strike the tuneful shell!
A May-day queen 'mid floral throng
Is happier than the Queen of Song!

COLYMBA.

Miscellany.

From the Literary World.

DO GHOSTS APPEAR?

A curious title for the leader of a weekly which aims to keep pace with Progress. So thinks the reader in his ignorance that Progress, while traversing its accustomed circle, moves so rapidly in our day that it is already round to the apparition creed of less than a hundred years ago.

Mrs. Crowe, of Newby in England, has just put forth a book in that country, to hasten this seasonable and expected return of old faith; and a very good book, too, it appears to be, for Ghost readers; full of terrific comfort and right pleasant images of dread. Mrs. Crowe, we are pleased to see, does not grapple with the Ghost question on the old platform. She brings it up afresh, not as "an auld warld's tale," but as a branch of philosophy in which Progress is daily making new discoveries, which, in the "good time coming," will settle the whole matter so clearly that we shall all be afraid to go to bed in the dark. She anticipates opposition in England on the grounds set forth in the following paragraph:—

"*Here, in Britain,* our critics and colleges are in such haste to strangle and put down *every new discovery* that does not emanate from themselves, or which is not a fulfilling of the ideas of the day, but which, being somewhat opposed to them, promises to be troublesome from *requiring new thought* to render it intelligible, that one might be induced to suppose them divested of all confidence in this inviolable law; whilst the more important and the higher the results involved may be, the more angry they are with those who advocate them."

We can assure Mrs. Crowe, that "here in America," "every new discovery," "requiring new thought," meets with far more hospitable treatment; nor can any of the reproaches aimed at her countrymen, in the following passage, affect the sensibilities of our people:

"They do not quarrel with a new metal or a new plant, and even a new comet or a new island stands a fair chance of being well received; the introduction of a planet appears, from late events, to be more difficult; whilst phrenology and mesmerism testify that any discovery tending to throw light on what most deeply concerns us, namely, our own being, must be prepared to encounter a storm of angry persecution."

Some are disposed to think that many evils to moral science arise from "the hasty and precipitate" *adoption* of every new thing by the crude minds of this country. Mrs. Crowe thinks exactly the reverse is the case in England:

"One of the evils of this *hasty and precipitate opposition* is, that the passions and interests of the opposers become involved in the dispute; instead of investigators they become partisans; having declared against it in the outset, it is important to their petty interests that the thing shall not be true; and they determine that it *shall* not if they can help it."

Our readers will see from these passages, that the momentous question, "Do ghosts appear?" is considered with perfect gravity, and through new lights, by Mrs. Crowe, in her work entitled, "The Night Side of Nature." The anecdotes adduced in support of the *new* side of the inquiry which she has taken, are manifold and entertaining; and as her book has not yet been republished in this country, we quote one of her stories at length:

"In the year 1827, Christian Eisengrun, a respectable citizen of Neckarsteinach, was at Eherbach, in Baden, working as a potter, which was his trade, in the manufactory of Mr. Gehrig, when he was one night awakened by a noise in his chamber, and, on looking up, he saw a faint light, which presently assumed a human form, attired in a loose gown; he could see no head. He had his own head under the clothes; but it presently spoke, and told him that he was destined to release it, and that for that purpose he must go to the Catholic churchyard of Neckarsteinach, and there, for twenty-one successive days, repeat the following verse from the New Testament, before the stone sepulchre there: 'For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? So the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.'—1 Cor. ii. 11. The ghost having repeated his visits and his request, the man consulted his master what he should do, and he advised him not to trifle with the apparition, but to do what he required, adding that he had known many similar instances. Upon this Eisengrun went to Neckarsteinach, and addressed himself to the Catholic Priest there, named Seitz, who gave him the same counsel, together with his blessing, and also a hymn of Luther's, which he bade him learn and repeat, as well as the verse, when he visited the sepulchre. As there was only one stone sepulchre in the churchyard, Eisengrun had no difficulty in finding it; and whilst he performed the service imposed on him by the ghost, the latter stood on the grave with his hands folded as if in prayer; but when he repeated the hymn, he moved rapidly backwards and forwards, but still not overstepping the limits of the stone. The man, though very frightened, persevered in the thing for the time imposed—twenty-one days; and during this period he saw the perfect form of the apparition, which had no covering on its head except very white hair. *It always kept its hands folded, and had large eyes,* in which he never perceived any motion: this filled him with horror. Many persons went to witness the ceremony. The surviving nephews and nieces of the apparition brought an action against Eisengrun, and they contrived to have him seized and carried to the magistrate's house one day, at the time he should have gone to the churchyard. But the ghost came and beckoned, and made signs to him to follow him, till the man was so much affected and terrified that he burst into tears. The two magistrates could not see the spectre, but feeling themselves seized with a cold shudder, they consented to his going. He was then publicly examined in court, together with the offended family and a number of witnesses, and the result was that he was permitted to continue the service for twenty-one days, after which he never saw or heard more of the ghost, who had been formerly *a rich timber merchant.*"

The ghost of "a rich Timber Merchant!" Why, the lumber region of the State of Maine was peopled with such phantoms a few years since. People, too, they were, that "keep their hands folded, and had large eyes;" hands that could do nothing, eyes that opened wider and wider as each successive mail brought further news of the depreciation of their property. Nor is the same sort of apparition (the phantoms of people who "have been formerly rich timber merchants") uncommon in Canada, as Mrs. Crowe may learn from any of her countrymen there settled. The case of *Doubles* is far more novel in this country, where every man goes on his own hook.

One of the instances of Doubles, which is "perfectly authenticated," happened, according to Mrs. Crowe, some years since at Glasgow. A surgeon's apprentice was found lounging by the water during the time when he ought to have been at kirk.—The persons who found him knew him well, and accosted him. In answer to inquiries, he says, "I am a miserable man; look in the water;" and makes off. They do look, and find the murdered body of a poor girl, with whom the apprentice was known to have been intimate. As they take the body past the church, they see the apprentice come out with the rest of the congregation. He is arrested, and tried; there is strong circumstantial evidence—but he proves most satisfactorily that he had been in church during the whole service. He is therefore acquitted.

Now, Mrs. Crowe surmises that this apprentice's *double* had taken that station by the water side, near the body of the drowned girl, for the purpose of procuring the conviction of the apprentice for murder. The conclusion strikes us as harsh. The real apprentice, it seems, only escaped by proving an *alibi*; surely, then, in poetic parlance, "the boot may be on the other leg!" Why may not the apprentice have committed the felony and his *double* have gone to church to shield him from conviction! We beg leave to submit to Mrs. Crowe, for a future edition of her work, that nothing would be more natural than for a humanitarian double, opposed to capital punishment, to conduct himself thus under the circumstances!

The insurmountable difficulty about the queer question which gives a title to this article, is the simple nature of getting *evidence.* The best evidence we have in relation to the whole subject, is the pregnant fact, that the bravest men have lost their senses on the instant that some pseudo-apparition was believed by them to be a veritable visitant from the world of Spirits. A hundred well authenticated stories are told to this effect. The conclusion is, therefore, inevitable that a mortal could not stand for an instant in the presence of an immortal; and, consequently, we can have no reliable human testimony to the fact of the spirits of the departed reappearing to the eyes of us cooking and eating men. Even superstition-ridden Johnson, saw the absurdity of a ghost of a suit of clothes, which of course would be indispensable to any ghost save that of a model artist, or living statue; yet Mrs. Crowe's readers will, we suppose, be willing to receive the apparition of the timber merchant with the ghost of a pen behind his ear and the phantom of a foot rule in his right hand. The appearance of such a book is worth noting as a sign of the times.

We have often questioned whether or not all superstitions did not originally spring from the *debris* of forgotten science; whether the locomotive of some former civilization (used in battle like one of Homer's chariots) was not at the bottom of the traditional story of a fiery dragon of such tremendously destructive power. Whether wing-heeled Mercury was not some antediluvian Morse, and Prometheus the real inventor of the phototype.

If our general surmise have any force in it, Mrs. Crowe has conferred a great benefit upon humanity, by showing that the back track and forward track lead alike in the same direction; and that the progress man and the conservative, who seem to part the widest at the outset, if they will only resolutely follow their course, must inevitably join company on the opposite side of the circle, in "the good time coming." Then and there the *faith* of the traditional conservative and the *conviction* of progress illuminati, will unite in the comfortable conclusion, that houses may be infested by restless spirits, as familiarly as some are haunted by rats. Shall we go on with this speculation? Well, then, what *law* of nature has science yet discovered, which precludes the re-appearance of a departed spirit? The professor of optics, indeed, may perhaps, tell us that a spiritual essence could not be seen, because it could cast no shadow; but that worthy professor himself got to the end of *his* tether the moment he traced the visual nerve into the brain. His exploration thenceforward became as dim and vague of conjecture as that of an African traveller, who looks for the sources of the Niger in the sands of the desert.—The optician must stand aside from the inquiry, or come into it upon democratic principles. The Mathematician will, of course, have his say! We will listen to him when he can *prove* that the circle *cannot* be squared. The chemist! He is already half [illegible] has owned that gases may exude from a grave, and sway to and fro above it, almost in the exact shape that

"Bloody Tybalt festers in his shroud,"

beneath the lingering exhalation.

The anatomist, with an air of authority, would say "fudge" to the whole inquiry. Let him. The poor man for many years has been chasing life through the human body with all sorts of instruments, and cannot now name either the precise point or precise time when it escapes from the point of his knife, just as he thinks he has it. What knows he about "life" coming back again in some other shape, out of which it is impossible for him to hunt it?

Upon the whole, therefore, we are safe in saying that no law of physics has yet been discovered which precludes the re-appearance of a departed spirit. But such re-appearance is out of the course of nature! So was the cholera—so was the small-pox, before those curses came upon humanity. So was the electric telegraph and phototype, before Galvani, and Franklin, and Morse, and Daguerre were given to mankind. The last would all be "miracles," unless we could explain them; the first, when they originally appeared, were far more out of the *accredited* "course of nature," in half the nations of the globe, for more than half of the globe's history, than the visitation of apparitions!

We grant that it would be "out of the course of nature" for a ghost to present itself to a man of science of the nineteenth century; and men of science must content themselves with this admission. But what does this amount to? A politician, a poet, or a man of fashion, would be equally unlike to present himself obtrusively in the same quarter; yet, there are innumerable well-authenticated stories, of ghosts presenting themselves to all of these, as well as to the democracy of all time, generally. We need not go very deeply into the nature of things to discover a cause for this; or, at least, to find phenomena which may be assimilated to it.

Take a dog of the finest natural instincts, and train him systematically and thoroughly to tricks of hand, so as to make almost a reasoning creature of him, and he loses his field qualities entirely. The finest nosed setter we ever met with, learned to hunt by sight instead of scent, from the habit of watching his master's face in the performance of a trick; and we have heard of a sagacious coach dog, who had been taught to wrestle, seizing a horse by the hock joint to stop him, instead of heading the runaway, as is the nature of this kind of dog.

The true man of science, dead in the same way to the transcendental calls of nature, cannot expect that her rarest exponents shall come to hold communion with him in his musty study. He has exchanged the instinct by which he might have hounded Truth to her lair, for the privilege of scrutinizing the face which others have put upon her; he has learned to wrestle with Mystery, but it is only to take her by the heels, which may dash his brains out.

Nature, moreover, is a good economist; the genuine man of science has, of course, his faggot of opinions all made up—and Nature will not fling a fresh stick before him, knowing that he will not untie the withe to make room for it, lest he should throw the rest into confusion. Such men, therefore, are never Ghost Seers; and well it is for the Ghost-faith, that they are not. For the whole business is as much out of their line as is a brokerage transaction, and they could not therefore strengthen the requisite testimony which may be had from other quarters. The opinion of AGASSIZ himself, conclusive as it might be on a fossil remain, could not be equal to the evidence of any commission merchant in South street, about a cotton consignment. The question, "Do Ghosts appear," is not less foreign to the real pursuits of the savant, and must stand upon the same evidence as that which weekly sends scores of people to the penitentiary.

All that we want is a few plain men, such as every day come before a jury, giving testimony upon which we shut up our fellow-citizen and prevent him from walking the streets; all that we want is a few of such witnesses, swearing to the best of their belief and knowledge, that ghosts do walk abroad, and we should be worse than heathen not to admit this perambulating power, to a disembodied spirit, upon the same evidence that we withhold it from our hapless brother of flesh and blood. The opinions of Mrs. Partington upon this whole subject seems to be strongly akin to those of Mrs. Crowe, as we find the sentiments of the former recently recorded in the Boston Post:—

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Partington?" was asked of the old lady somewhat timidly.

"To be sure I do," replied she, "as much as I believe that bright fulminary there will rise in the yeast to-morrow morning, if we live and nothing happens. Two apprehensions have sartinly appeared in our own family. Why, I saw my dear Paul, a fortnight before he died, with my own eyes, jest as plain as I see you now, and though it turned out afterwards to be a rosebush with a night-cap on it, I shall always think, to the day of my desolation, that it was a forerunner sent to me. 'Tother one came in the night when we were asleep, and carried away three candles and a pint of spirits, that we kept in the house for an embarkation. Believe in ghosts, indeed! I guess I do, and he must be a dreadful styptic as does n't."

From the London Examiner.

ARRIVAL OF THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF THE FRENCH, AND M. GUIZOT, IN ENGLAND.

In another part of to-day's "Examiner" we have given a brief account of the arrival of Louis Philippe and his consort at Newhaven, as it reached us late last night. We are now able to supply further particulars, with the additional intelligence of the arrival of M. Guizot.

The accounts already given of the manner of the departure of the royal family from the Tuileries are perfectly correct, but the names of those who accompanied them were not stated. These were General Dumas and General Rumigny, M. Thuret, (valet to Louis Philippe,) and a German lady, as lady's maid to the Queen, This compromised the whole of the party that fled with Louis Philippe. On leaving Paris they proceeded to Versailles, where they hired a common vehicle to take them to Dreux. Here they put up at the house of a person on whose fidelity they could rely, where they passed the night. This friend procured disguises for the royal fugitives and suite, the King habiting himself in an old cloak and cap, having first shaved his whiskers, discarded his wig, and altogether so disguised himself as to defy the recognition even of his most intimate friends. The other disguises were also complete.—Long before daylight they started for La Ferté Vidame, where Mr. Packham has been building a mill on some private property of Louis Philippe.—On their route they were accompanied by the farmer, who swore to see them in safety to the coast, through a country with which he was well acquainted. They took the direction of Avaux, twelve to fifteen leagues from Honfleur. They travelled chiefly by night, and reached Honfleur at five o'clock on Saturday morning. They remained at Honfleur, in the house of a gentleman whom the King knew, for a short time, and then crossed to Tourville, a short distance from the town. It was their intention to embark at Tourville, but owing to the boisterous state of the weather they were compelled to remain at the latter place two days; when, finding they could not embark, they returned to Honfleur, with the intention of embarking from that place; but the weather still continuing very rough, and the King fearing that the Queen, in her exhausted condition, would be unable to bear the fatigues of a rough passage, deferred his departure till the weather changed, on Thursday. In the meantime information was secretly conveyed to the "Express," Southampton steam-packet, that they would be required to take a party from Havre to England. On Thursday afternoon, the gentleman who sheltered the dethroned monarch and his consort at Honfleur engaged a French-fishing boat to convey the fugitives from Honfleur to Havre, and fearing that in this small vessel the features of the King might be recognized, the gentleman engaged an interpreter to interpret French to the King, who, to render his disguise more complete, passed as an Englishman.

Nothing of moment transpired on the passage to Havre, where the Express was waiting with her steam up, and at nine o'clock on Thursday evening the royal fugitives and suite set sail for the hospitable coasts of Britain. The vessel reached the offing of Newhaven harbour at 7 o'clock on Friday morning, but, owing to the state of the tide, they could not enter the harbour till near twelve o'clock. Meanwhile, however, General Dumas and General Rumigny, landed in boats, General Dumas proceeding to London with the intelligence of Louis Philippe's arrival, whilst General Rumigny repaired to the Bridge Inn, which is kept by Mrs. Smith, a widow, and gave her directions to prepare her best apartments for some guests about to land on the pier. This, of course, was done, but having ascertained that the parties were no less than the ex-King and Queen of the French, she laid carpets from the entrance door to the sitting room, and every arrangement was made to render the apartments as comfortable as their size would admit. Shortly before twelve o'clock the royal fugitives landed on the quay, and the moment the King set his foot on the shore he emphatically exclaimed, "Thand God, I am on British ground!" Mr. Sims, the landing waiter who handed them on shore, conducted them to the Bridge Inn. On the way thither the King was met by several of the inhabitants, who offered their congratulations on his safe arrival, and with whom he shook hands most cordially. His Majesty looked fatigued and care-worn, and did not appear to have been shaved for several days. Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Catt, of the Bishopstone Mills, as short distance from Newhaven, who was introduced to the King two years ago, at the Tuileries, by Mr. Packham, had an interview with him, and offered the hospitalities of his house. Louis Philippe thanked Mr. Catt, but declined the invitation. He then inquired for Mr. Packham, and learning that he was at Brighton, expressed a desire to see him immediately. Mr. Packham has for years been a *protégé* of the ex-King, and a tenant of his Majesty for some extensive mills, his private property, near the Chateau d'Eu. He was with his Majesty on the memorable Tuesday appointed for the reform banquet up to within an hour of the outbreak of the Revolution. He now resides in Brighton, having retired from the management of the establishment, which is carried on by his nephew and other persons. Mr. Packham, on the messenger reaching him at Brighton, immediately posted to Newhaven with a gentleman, named White, who had been in the household of Louis Philippe many years. When he arrived his Majesty had changed his attire, and was dressed in a plain suit of black. He looked remarkably well, and the marks of anxiety which had shown themselves on his face at his landing had disappeared. He was quite cheerful. The Queen was in the room writing a letter, and apparently buried in thought. She scarcely noticed the presence of strangers. Several persons were introduced to the King the during day. He seemed gratified at the calls, and spoke freely and pleasantly to all the visitants. Mr. Packham offered to take the King and Queen to Brighton, in answer to which the King said, "Mr. Packham, I feel much obliged to you; but these good people of the house have treated me so kindly, and I feel rather fatigued, and I beg to decline your kind offer. I wish to wait an answer from the express to London." Before Mr. Packham left him, the King gave him the whole of his money for the purpose of getting it exchanged for English coin, and purchasing wearing apparel, "of which (said the King, smiling as he spoke) I am very short." Mr. Packham, Mr. White, and Louis Philippe's valet, then proceeded to Brighton in a post-chaise. On leaving Newhaven, Mr. Packham informed him that it was the King's intention to pass the night at Newhaven, and proceed to London in the morning.

M. Guizot left Paris on Wednesday, at five p. m. *en route* for Ostend, accompanied by General Jacqueminot, aide de camp to the late King, and a deputy of France, where they arrived at five on Friday morning. M. Guizot and his companion immediately hired a steam tug and put to sea, with the view of reaching England, but owing to stress of weather, the tug was obliged to put back at one p. m. M. Guizot and General Jacqueminot again left Ostend, by the Ville de Bruges steamer, at six o'clock yesterday morning, and arrived at Dover at one o'clock in the afternoon, and took their departure by the 4.30 express train. M. Guizot arrived in London at half-past six yesterday evening. M. de Rabaudy, was waiting at the station to receive the ex-minister, and as soon as the train arrived, he conducted M. Guizot to a hackney coach, which drove off to the residence of Mr. Henry Broadwood, in Bryanstone square. A crowd of persons had collected at the station to see M. Guizot, and a rush was made towards the carriage in which the ex-minister was seated, every person present being eager to catch a glimpse of his person. He was seated in a coupé, in which, with him, were two gentlemen and a lady, French, but who did not appear to be connected with the fallen minister, except as *compagnons de voyage.* As M. Guizot stepped out of the carriage, a gentleman addressed him in English, and said, "I suppose, Sir, you have heard that your daughters have arrived, and are safe." M. Guizot took the gentleman's hand, and with some emotion said, "Yes, I have—thank you—God bless you." M. Guizot travelled without any luggage, except a small writing case which he carried in his hand.

The following letter is furnished for insertion by a friend, who thinks it has never been printed, and that it will possess particular interest for our readers at this juncture. It is addressed by John Adams to Rev. Dr. Bancroft, of Worcester.—*Christian Inquirer.*

QUINCY, January 21st, 1823.

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your kind letter of December 30th, and above all for the gift of a precious volume. It is a chain of diamonds set in links of gold. I have never read or heard a volume of sermons better calculated and adapted to the age and country in which it was written. How different from the sermons I have heard in the town of Worcester from the year 1755 to 1758.* As my destiny in life has been somewhat uncommon, I must beg pardon for indulging in a little egotism. I may say I was born and bred in the centre of theological and ecclesiastical controversy. A sermon of Mr. Bryant, a minister of the parish, who lived on a spot now a part of the farm on which I live, occasioned the controversy between him and Mr. Miles, Mr. Porter, Mr. Bass,† and many others. It broke out like the eruption of a volcano, and blazed with portentous aspect for many years. The death of Dr. Miller, the Episcopal minister of this town, produced the controversy between Dr. Mayhew and Mr. Apthorp,‡ who were both so connected with this town that they might almost be considered inhabitants of it. I may say that my eyes opened upon books of controversy between the parties of Mr. Buckminster§ and Mr. Miller. I became acquainted with Dyer, Doolittle, and Baldwin, those notable disputants. Mr. M'Carty, though a Calvinist was not a bigot; but the town was a scene of dispute all the time I was there. When I left, I entered into a scene of other disputations at the bar, and not long after, disputations of another kind, in politics; in later times I have lived with atheists, deists, sceptics—with cardinals, archbishops, monks, friars of the Roman Catholic persuasion—with archbishops, bishops, deans, and priests of the Church of England—with Farmer, Price, Priestley, Kipper, Rees, Lindsay,‖ Deing, and Jebb—with the English and Scottish clergy in Holland, and especially with Dr. Marlain at the Hague. I have conversed freely with most of the sects in America, and have not been wholly inattentive to the writings and reasonings of all these denominations of philosophers and Christians. You may well suppose, then, that I have had controversy enough, but after all, I declare to you that your twenty-nine sermons have expressed the result of all my reading, experience, and reflection, in a manner more satisfactory to me than I could have done in the best days of my strength. The most afflictive circumstances that I have witnessed in the lot of humanity are the narrow views, the unsocial humours, the fastidious scorn and repulsive temper, of all denominations except one. I cannot conclude this letter without adding an anecdote. One of the zealous mendicants for contributions to the funds of missionary societies, called upon a gentleman in Haverhill, and requested his charity. The gentleman declined subscribing, but added, "There are in and about the town of Newburyport, nine clergymen, ministers of nine different congregations, not one of whom lives on terms of civility with any other—will admit any other into his pulpit, nor be permitted to go into the pulpit of any other. Now if you will realize a fund to convert those nine clergymen to Christianity, I will contribute as much as any other man."

I am, Sir, with great respect and esteem, your obliged friend and humble servant,

(Signed) JOHN ADAMS.

To the REV. DR. BANCROFT,¶ *on receiving a copy of his Sermons.*

* Mr. Adams taught school in Worcester at that period, and read law in the office of James Putnam, who was a loyalist refugee in 1775, and subsequently a Judge of the Superior Court of New Brunswick. It was during the period of Mr. Adams's residence in Worcester, says Dr. Allen, (in his Biographical Dictionary,) "that he imbibed a prejudice against the prevailing religious opinions of New England, and became attached to speculations hostile to those opinions—nor were his views afterwards changed."

† For account of Bp. Bass, of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, see Elliot, pp. 50, 51.

‡ For accounts of Drs. Mayhew and Apthorp, see Curwen's Journal, pp. 533 and 62—and Elliot's Biographical Dictionary, pp. 319 and 323.

§ For an account of Rev. Joseph Buckminster, of the Congregational Church in Rutland, Massachusetts, see Elliot, pp. 88, 89.

‖ Rev. Theophilus Lindsay was the first minister of the chapel in Essex street, London, first opened for the worship of one God in one person—before 1775.

¶ Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D. a Unitarian minister of Worcester, Massachusetts—biographer of Washington, and father of Hon. George Bancroft, Historian, &c. &c.

From the Lutheran Observer.

DESCENDANTS OF MARTIN LUTHER.

"The last descendants of Martin Luther, now living in Germany, and very poor, lately abjured the Reformed and adopted the Roman Catholic religion." So say late European newspapers. It is but an instance of many in which human beings show themselves unworthy of the privileges and honours bestowed on them. The Reformers sought a great work, and acquired for themselves great and well deserved renown. He among their descendants who barters away such a birthright for a mess of potage; who recedes from the light they have poured around him, and crawls back into the darkness and corruption they endeavoured to remove, is surely to be pitied. Some similar things, however, take place among ourselves. The sons of the Puritans, in some instances, despise their inheritance.—Though God has connected them with a race of men such as the world, beside, has scarcely seen, and made them more indebted to their ancestors than almost any generation that ever lived, yet are there some who discard the blessing, and put their necks again under the yoke, from which their fathers fougrt, and bled, and died, to be free! Oh, could the siren speak to the sons, what tones would be heard. Heaven compassionate the world, and speed the day when man shall understand and appreciate spiritual religion.

The above article we found in the last Boston Recorder, and if permitted to pass uncorrected it will probably go "the rounds of the American press," from Maine to Texas. There is a slight mistake in the statement, and that mistake makes all the difference in the world. The truth is, that one of the descendants of Luther many years ago wandered into one of the darkest and most degraded Romish portions of Bohemia, and there became a Romish Catholic. His children, however, a few years ago, to the number of three or four or five, (we have forgotten the precise number,) all left Bohemia and returend to Germany, where they every one of them formally abjured Romanism and embraced the religious principles of their great progenitor, so that they are now again *Lutherans* in religion as well as by name.

THE PAPAL RESCRIPT.—Dublin was completely taken by surprise on Monday on its being announced that a Papal rescript had arrived addressed to the Roman Catholic Prelates, demanding an explicit explanation with respect to the charges preferred against certain of the clergy of fomenting crime by the practice of denouncing from the altar, also admonishing the clergy to abstain from political agitation, and in future confine their labours to the spiritual instruction of their flocks. The *Evening Post* says, the following most important communication—issued, as it will be seen, by command of Pope Pius IX.—has been received from the Eternal City:—

[TRANSLATION.]

"Most Illustrious and Reverend Lord,

"The reports now for some months circulated by the English newspapers, concerning the political party strifes in which some ecclesiastics have allowed themselves to be carried away, and the desecration made of some of the Irish churches for the purpose of aiding and promoting secular concerns—nay more, the reports which have reached us relative to the murders which, we are informed, are so frequent, and by reason of which the clergy have been stigmatized, and some of them charged with imprudence and as giving indirect provocation from the pulpit—or, at least, extenuating the guilt of these murders—these reports must, surely, awaken the solicitude of the Sacred Congregation.

"This Sacred Congregation cannot bring itself to believe that such reports, so extensively noised abroad, can be true; nor can it believe that ecclesiastics have forgotten that the Church of God should be the House of Prayer—not of secular concerns, or the meeting-place of politicians; neither can the Sacred Congregation believe that ecclesiastics have ceased to recollect that they are Ministers of Peace, dispensers of the mysteries of God—men who should not involve themselves in worldly concerns—in a word, men who should abhor blood and vengeance. Nevertheless, this Sacred Congregation deems it its duty to require satisfactory and speedy information concerning all these matters, that it may know what importance it may attach to the above damnatory reports. Wherefore, at the suggestion of His Holiness, I have deemed it my duty to forward this letter to your Lordship, praying you to satisfy this most reasonable solicitude of the Sacred Congregation; and meantime, it exhorts you to admonish the clergy, that, seeking the things which are of Jesus Christ, they sedulously apply themselves to watch over the spiritual interests of the people, and in nowise to mix themselves up with worldly affairs, in order that their ministry may not be brought into disrepute, and those who are against them may not have wherewith to charge them.

"I pray God long to preserve your Lordship,
✠ J. PH. CARD. FRANSONI.

"Rome, from the Congregation of the Faith,
"January 3, 1848."

CIRCULAR OF THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS TO THE DIPLOMATIC AGENTS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

PARIS, March 5th.—The following important document is published in the *Moniteur*, of Saturday:

SIR:—You know the events of Paris, the victory of the people, its heroism, its moderation, its pacification, the order re-established by the concurrence of the whole of the citizens, as if, in their interregnum of the visible powers, the reasons of the public were alone the Government of France.

The French Revolution has thus entered into its definitive period. France is Republican. The French Republic has no occasion to be acknowledged in order to exist. By natural law, as well as by the law of nations, it exists; it is the will of a great people, which does not demand its title but from itself. Nevertheless, the French Republic, desirous to enter into the family of Governments instituted as regular powers, and not as a phenomenon coming to disturb the order of Europe, it is proper that you promptly make known to the Government to which you are accredited the principles and tendencies which will henceforth direct the foreign policy of the French Government.

The proclamation of the French Republic is not an act of aggression against any form of Government in the world. The forms of Government have diversities as the forms of character, the geographical situation, the intellectual, moral, and material development of nations. Nations, like individuals, have different ages. The principles which govern them have successive phases—monarchical, aristocratical, constitutional, republican Governments, are the expression of the different degrees of the maturity of the genius of the different nations. They demand more liberty in proportion as they feel themselves capable of supporting more. They demand more equality and democracy in proportion as they are the more inspired with the feeling of justice and love for the people. It is a question of time. A nation goes astray in outrunning the hour of that maturity, as it dishonours itself in allowing it to escape without seizing upon it. The monarchy and the republic are not, in the eyes of true statesmen, absolute principles which are enemies to the death; they are facts which are contrasted to each other, and which can live face to face, while they understand and respect each other.

War, then, is not the principle of the French Republic, as it became the fatal and glorious necessity of the Republic in 1792. Between 1792 and 1848 there is half a century. To return, after the lapse of half a century, to the principles of 1792, or to the principles of conquest and of empire, would not be to advance, it would be to retrograde with the advance of time. The revolution of yesterday is a step in advance, and not one backward. The world and ourselves wish to march to fraternity and peace.

If the situation of the Republic in 1792 explained the war, the difference which exists between that period of our history and that in which we live explains the peace. Apply yourself to the understanding of these differences, and explain them to those around you.

In 1792, the nation was not one. Two nations (*peuples*) existed on the same soil. A terrible struggle still prolonged itself between the classes dispossessed of their privileges, and the classes who had just succeeded in achieving equality and liberty. The classes dispossessed united themselves with the captive royalty and with jealous foreigners, to deny its Revolution in France, and to reimpose upon it the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the theocracy by invasion. At the present day, there are no longer any distinctions and inequality of classes. Liberty has freed all. Equality before the law has levelled everything. Fraternity, of which we proclaim the application, and of which the National Assembly is to organize the benefits, is about to unite all. There is not a single citizen in France, to whatever opinion he may belong, who does not rally to the principle of the country before everything else, and who does not render, by that very union, all attempts impregnable to the attempt and to the fears of invasion.

In 1792 it was not the entire population who entered into possession of the Government. It was the middle classes only who wished to exercise liberty and enjoy it. The triumph of the middle class at that time was egotistical, as the triumph of every oligarchy must be. It wished to retain for itself the rights achieved for all.—It was necessary for it to operate a strong diversion against the advance of the people by precipitating it (the people) on the field of battle, in order to prevent it from entering into the exercise of its own Government. This diversion was the war. War was the idea of the *Monarchians* and the *Girondins*. It was not the idea of the most advanced Democrats, who wished like us the sincere regards and the complete reign of the people itself, comprising in that name all classes without exclusion or preference, as the nation is composed.

In 1792 the people was only the instrument of the Revolution. To-day the Revolution was made by the people and for the people. The people is itself the Revolution. In entering into it, it carries into it its new necessities of labour, of industry, of instruction, of agriculture, of commerce, of morality, of prosperity, of property, of cheap living, of navigation, and, in short, of civilization, which are all the necessities of peace. The people and peace are but one word.

In 1792 the ideas of France and of Europe were unprepared to comprehend and to accept the great harmony of nations among each other to the benefit of the human race. The idea of the age which was closing was only in the heads of some philosophers. Philosophy, at the present day, is popular. Fifty years of liberty of thinking, of speaking, and of writing have produced their result. Books, journals, and the tribune have acted as the apostles of European intelligence. Reason spreading everywhere, and overstepping the frontiers of nations, has created that intellectual nationality which will be the achievement of the French Revolution, and the constitution of international fraternity all over the globe.

In short, in 1792 liberty was a novelty, equality was a scandal, and the Republic was a problem. The title of nations, which had only just been discovered by Fenelon, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, was so completely forgotten, buried, profaned by old feudal dynastic and sacerdotal traditions, that the most legitimate intervention of the people in its affairs appeared a monstrosity to the statesmen of the old school. Democracy made the monarchs, and at the same time the foundations of society tremble. To-day, thrones and the people are accustomed to the word, to the forms, and to the regular agitations of liberty, exercised in nearly different proportions in all states, and even in monarchies. They will accustom themselves to the Republic, which is its complete form in all the ripest of nations. They will recognize that there is a conservative liberty. They will acknowledge that there may be in the Republic not only better order, but that there may be more real order in that government of all for all than in the government of the few for the few.

But, beside these disinterested considerations, the sole interest of the consolidation and the duration of the Republic would inspire, in the statesmen of France, the thoughts of peace. It is not the country that runs the greatest danger in the war: it is the liberty. War is almost always a dictatorship. Soldiers forget institutions for men. Thrones tempt the ambitious. Glory dazzles patriotism. The prestige of a glorious name veils the attack upon the sovereignty of the nation. The Republic desires glory, without doubt, but it wishes for it for itself, and not for Cæsars or Napoleons.

Do not deceive yourselves, nevertheless. These ideas which the Provisional Government charges you to present to the powers as a pledge of European safety, have not for their object to obtain forgiveness to the Republic for having had the boldness to create itself, and still less to ask humbly the place of a great right and a great people in Europe. They have a more noble object: to make sovereigns and nations reflect, and not to allow them to deceive themselves involuntarily as to the character of our revolution: to give its true light and its just character to the event; in short, to give pledges to humanity before giving them to our right and to our honour, if they should be unacknowledged or threatened.

The French Republic will, then, not make war on any one. It has no occasion to say that, if conditions of war are laid down to the French people, it will accept them. The thoughts of the men who at the present moment govern France are these: it will be fortunate for France if war be declared against it, and if it be constrained thus to increase in strength and glory, in spite of its moderation. It will be a terrible responsibility for France, if the Republic itself declares war without being provoked to it. In the first case, its martial genius, its impatience of action, its strength accumulated during so many years of peace, will render it invincible within its own territory, and redoubtable perhaps, beyond its frontiers. In the second case, it would turn against itself the recollection of its conquests, which diminish the affection of nations, and it would compromise the first and most universal alliance, the spirit of nations, and the genius of civilization.

According to these principles, Sir, which are the cool principles of France—principles she can present without fear, as without suspicion, to her friends and to her enemies—you will have the goodness to impress upon yourself the following declarations:

The treaties of 1815 exist no longer as law in the eyes of the French Republic; nevertheless, the territorial circumscriptions of these treaties are a fact which it admits as a basis, and as a *point de depart* in its relations with other nations.

But if the treaties of 1815 do not exist any longer excepting as facts to modify a common understanding, and if the Republic declares openly that its right and its mission is to arrive regularly and pacifically at these modifications, the good sense, the moderation, the conscience, the prudence of the Republic exist, and are for Europe a better and more honourable guarantee than the letter of those treaties, so often violated and modified by Europe itself.

Endeavour, Sir, to make this emancipation of the Republic from the treaties of 1815 be clearly understood, and try to show that that freedom has nothing in it which is irreconcilable with the repose of Europe.

Thus we declare it openly. If the hour of the reconstruction of some nationalities, oppressed in Europe or elsewhere, should appear to have sounded in the decrees of Providence, if Switzerland, our faithful ally since the time of Francis I. were constrained or threatened in the advance which she is effecting in her Government, in order to lend additional strength to the facine of democratic governments—if the independent States of Italy were invaded—if any limits or obstacles were imposed on their internal transformations—if the right of alliance among themselves in order to consolidate an Italian Nation, were contested by main force—the French Republic would believe itself entitled to arm itself in order to protect these legitimate movements of the greatness and the nationality of States.

The Republic, you see, by its first step, repudiates the era of proscriptions and of dictations. She is decided never to veil liberty at home. She is equally decided never to veil its democratic principle abroad. She will never permit any one to interpose between the pacific radiation of its liberty and the regard of nations. She proclaims herself the intellectual and cordial ally of every right, of every progress, of every legitimate development of the institutions of nations which wish to live on the same principles as herself. She will not endeavour any immoderate or incendiary propagandism among her neighbours. She knows that there is no durable freedom but that which grows of itself on its own soil. But it will exercise by the light of its ideas, by the spectacle of order and of peace, which it hopes to give to the world, the sole and honest proselytism of esteem and of sympathy. That is not war; it is nature. That is not the agitation of Europe; it is of life. That is not to embroil the world; it is to shine from its place on the horizon of nations, to advance them, and to guide them at the same time.—We desire, for humanity, that the peace be preserved.—We hope it. One only question of war was mooted, a year ago, between England and France. It was not Republican France which started that question of war; it was the dynasty. The dynasty carries away with it that danger of war which it had given rise to for Europe, by the entirely personal ambition of its family alliances in Spain. Thus that domestic policy of the fallen dynasty, which weighed for seventeen years on our national dignity, weighed at the same time, by its pretensions to another crown at Madrid, on our liberal alliances and on peace. The Republic has no ambition. The Republic has no despotism. It inherits not the pretensions of a family.—Let Spain govern itself, let Spain be independent and free. France, for the solidity of this natural alliance, counts more on the conformity of principles than on the successions of the house of Bourbon!

Such is, Sir, the spirit of the councils of the Republic. Such will invariably be the character of the policy, frank, firm, and moderate, which you will have to represent.

The Republic has pronounced at its birth, and in the midst of the heat of contest not provoked by the people three words which have revealed its soul, and which wil call down on its cradle the blessings of God and men: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. She gave immediately thereafter, by the abolition of the punishment of death for political offences, the true commentary of those three words at home; do you also give them their true commentary abroad. The sense of these three words applied to our external relations is this: the breaking by France of the chains which weighed on its principle and on its dignity; the recovery of the rank which it ought to occupy in the scale of the great European powers; in fine, the declaration of alliance and amity to all nations. If France feels conscientiously its part in the mission of freedom and civilization in the present age, there is not one of those words which signifies *war*. If Europe is prudent and just, there is not one of those words which does not signify *peace*. Receive, Sir, the assurance of my high esteem.

(Signed) LAMARTINE,
Member of the Provisional Government of the Republic, and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

PROFESSOR NICHOL IN AMERICA.—We understand that our distinguished townsman, Dr. Nichol, has met with the most flattering reception in the course of his present tour through the United States.—His lectures in Boston have been attended by crowded audiences; and we are glad to learn from private letters addressed to his friends in this city that he expresses himself in the highest degree gratified by the hospitality and kindness which he has everywhere experienced.—*Glasgow Citizen.*

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